THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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"CARCASSES AND ASHES!"

Miss Banim, in Dealing With the History of Limerick, Quotes Some Terrible Stories From English Writers.

The Most Horrible Warfare in History Waged by the English Against the Irish.

LIMERICK

The general history of Limerick is so interwoven with the general history of Ireland that I can here but glance at a few of its salient points, passing over for the moment all local features until we come to the two great events which seem, in the general mind, to constitute the history of the place—the sieges of 1651 and of 1690-91, and then, having given, in as few words as I can, some account of these two epochs, we will trace on the map spread out below us the various places connected with those exciting times—times the memories of which can, even at this remote day, fire the hearts and imaginations of every Limerick man and woman.

Having devoted a few words to the founders of the city, I will pass as quickly as possible over its history during a long period until we come to the siege of Limerick by the parliamentary forces under Cromwell's son-in-law, Ireton, in 1651.

This great siege of Limerick was one of the tragedies that mark, in Ireland, an epoch during that long and terrible war of oppression, or rather of attempted extermination, waged by the "Reformers" in their determined efforts to wrest from both the native Irish and Anglo Normans every inch of the soil, every penny of their wealth.

Under Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, the Catholics of Ireland were subjected to most rigorous and almost unceasing persecutions. Confiscations, the Plantation of Ulster, the Pacification(!) of Munster—the various means of the kind employed for carrying out the policy of "Uniformity of Extermination"—all had reduced the Catholics of this country to a state of desperation in which they felt they must either make some supreme effort for freedom or submit to be cleared off the face of the land. The key-note of all that led to the long, great struggle may be read in Queen Elizabeth's words to the Deputy Sussex, on being informed of a rumor of O'Neill's rising in the North; she plainly intimated to her adherents in Ireland that it were all the better for them that the Irish should take up arms—"It would be for their (her adherents') advantage; for there will be estates for them who want;" and there were many who wanted those estates, and well they took care that the Irish should be up in arms.

THE IRISH STRUGGLED FIERCELY

against the cruelties, the confiscations, the wholesale ravages committed by those who came armed with power to crush them by every means that inhuman ingenuity could devise. How they struggled and suffered may be estimated from the state the country was absolutely reduced to in Elizabeth's reign.

"At this time (1580) the deputy, Lord Arthur Grey, plundered and laid waste various parts of the country, and Leland says that all persons, both of English and Irish race, sent complaints to England of his barbarity, saying he would leave nothing for the queen to reign over in Ireland but "carcases and ashes."

In 1601 "the Annalists sorrowfully record the subjugation of the Irish, and Tasfe, alluding to this period, pathetically laments their fall: "Melodious lyre of Innisfail, strike mournful notes. The heroes who delighted in the festive strains and cherished thy muse are hastening to the last act of the fatal tragedy, which closes with their overthrow, saddened by calamities unequalled, by desolation and ruin. A nation patriarchal in its recorded antiquity, in its constitution, laws, manners, and customs, is on the point of extermination; or, if a remnant is to survive slaughter and famine, 'tis only to irretrievable degradation.'"

In 1601 2 the whole of Ulster was laid waste by Mountjoy—a name apparently cherished in Dublin. Morrison, Holinshed, and other writers give appalling accounts of the famine and miseries of every description brought on by the deliberately planned and executed acts of Mountjoy and his troops. Morrison, it will be remembered, accompanied the lord deputy on his expedition into Ulster, and witnessed what he described. "We resolved," Morrison says, "to draw towards Monaghan and spoil the corn of that country, being of exceeding quantity. We burned a town in O'Kane's country, together with many women and children in it, and killed also forty kerns and churls. Our men cut down the corn with their swords, according to our fashion, and no spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of the towns, and especially in wasted countries, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all colored green by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend up above ground." Mountjoy, in a letter to the Lords of the Council in England, says: "From O'Kane's country, northward of Tyrone, we have left none to give us opposition, nor of late have seen any but dead carcases, merely starved for want of meat." "O'Hagan protested unto us that between Tullohogue and Toome there lay unburied a thousand dead, and since our first drawing this year to Blackwater there were above 3000 starved in Tyrone." (Notes to Connellan's Annals of the Four Masters)

Leinster had already seen Mountjoy—had experienced his system—and was greatly quieted.

MUNSTER UNDERWENT "PACIFICATION:"

Munster, that fruitful and fertile land of the Golden Vale, whose beauty at one moment inspired Spencer's poetic fancies, the next moved his cupidity, so that, because the desolation of the natives served to enrich himself, he could view those awful scenes of misery that he describes with a callousness equal to that of the most brutal of the soldiery. In his "View of Ireland" the poet thus pictures the coveted land: "And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country, as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly, sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods even fit for building up houses and ships, so commanding as that if some princes in the world had them they would soon hope to be the lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens, opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides the soil itself most fertile, fit to yield all kinds of fruit that shall be committed thereunto; and, lastly, the heavens most mild and temperate." Here is the same writer's description of Munster—"that most beautiful and sweet country"—after two years of the "pacification" to which he himself had lent a willing hand:

"Notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, that you would have thought that they should have been able to stand long, yet ere one year and a half they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynns they came, creeping forth upon their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy when they could find them—yes, and one another soon after; insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of watercresses or of shamrocks where they flocked as to a great feast for the time, yet not able long to continue there withal; that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man or beast."

Here is Holinshed's picture of Munster at the same time: "The land itself, which before those wars was populous, well inhabited, and rich in all the good blessings of God, being plenteous of corn, full of cattle, well stored with fish, and sundry other good commodities, is now become waste and barren, yielding no fruits, the pastures no cattle, the air no birds, the seas, though full of fish, yet to them yielding nothing; finally, every way the curse of God(!) was so great and the land so barren, both of men and beast, that whosoever did travel from one end to the other end of all Munster, even from Waterford to the head of Limerick, which is about six score miles, he would not meet with any man, woman, or child, saving in towns and cities, nor yet see any beast, but the very wolves, the foxes, and other like ravening beasts, and many of them lay dead, being famished."

Although the Irish were, by protracted wars and the superior resources of their opponents, brought to this extremity, they did not yield without a stout struggle. The war of Elizabeth with the Irish, lasting, as it did, through almost the entire forty-five years of her reign, cost England thirty millions sterling of our present money, with a loss to the English of over one hundred thousand men, and, it is thought, as many on the Irish side perished by sword and famine. Indeed, so costly was the war, and so fiercely did the Irish resist, so marvellous was their recuperative power, in spite of famine, war, and all the horrors to which they had been so long subjected, that, in the last two days of the reign of Elizabeth, Mountjoy was glad to agree to a peace with

HUGH O'NEILL, THE GALLANT ULSTER CHIEF,

on terms that promised an honorable respite to the people and freedom to practise their religion. For a short time there were peace and hope. In Limerick, as elsewhere, the Catholics openly rejoiced; they again worshipped in their cathedral; they went in public religious processions through the streets; repaired their churches, and dreamed of living in safety once more. As is usual with the Irish, they believed in the honor even of those who had never kept faith with them, and, as usual, they were deceived. James I, although at first inclined to allow liberty of conscience, was quickly induced, through his fear of the Puritans, who accused him of favoring the Papists, to change his views. In direct violation of the treaty signed at Mellifont at the close of the last reign, James prefaced his proclamation of July, 1605, with the statement: "Whereas we have been informed that our subjects in the kingdom of Ireland, since the death of our beloved sister, have been deceived by a false rumor, to wit, that we would allow them liberty of conscience"—and, having publicly declared his detestation of Popery, he issued a decree banishing all Catholic priests from the country, and ordered that the penal laws should be strictly enforced. Then followed, with an occasional lull, and some variations in the details of sufferings inflicted, the persecution of the Irish people. It was the same in the reign of Charles I: the Irish and the Anglo Normans, who had become a part of the Irish nation, seemed possessed of some superhuman faculty of reappearing and growing in numbers and prosperity, in spite of the genuine good will succeeding governments brought to the work of their effacement. They seemed ever—so like the national character—starting up at the smallest gleam of sunshine, full of renewed hope, full of energy, quickly regaining life and rebuilding their shattered fortunes—to be as surely once more prey for the merciless strong hand, only lifted a moment, to be brought down again with redoubled force.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

ROMAN ECHOES.

A Holy Father Utterly Overcome by by the Visit of the Marquis of Hartington Accompanied by Lord "Nosey" Dufferin, to Roman Shrines.

The Good Priests' Breath Taken Away by the Presence of Distinguished Heretics.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Monday morning, being Easter Monday, the Holy Father celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in the Hall of the Consistory, to which about four hundred distinguished Romans and foreigners were admitted. His Holiness was assisted by two clerics and his secret chaplains and Mgr. Sinisiri, Protect of the Pontifical ceremonies. After having heard a second Mass of thanksgiving, the Holy Father, having donned his stole, again ascended the alter steps and imparted to all present the Apostolic Benediction, at the same time blessing all the objects of devotion which they brought with them for that intention. On the same morning General Sir John A. Lintorn Simmons, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of her Britannic Majesty, accompanied by Major Ross of Bladensburg, of the Coldstream Guards, and secretary to the legation were received in a farewell audience by his Holiness. Both of them were accompanied by the members of their family, who had come out to the Eternal city with them, whom they had the honor of presenting to the Sovereign Pontiff. On Tuesday morning the Holy Father received the Sacred College of Cardinals in a body, who offered the Easter wishes to him. The Pope entertained them for a considerable length of time and thanked their Eminences for their kind wishes of a "happy Easter." On Saturday the Supreme Pontiff deigned to admit to his august presence in a private audience Mgr. de Sonze Prado de la Cerda, Bishop of Andra, in Portugal.

THE AUSTRIAN PILGRIMAGE.

Yesterday (Saturday) morning the Austrian pilgrims arrived at the Eternal City, to the number of about three hundred. They were received by Mgr. Nagl, Rector of the Teutonic Nations, Church of St. Maria dell'Anima, Mgr. Pick, and other members of the Roman committee formed to provide for their welfare and maintenance during their sojourn in the city of the tomb of the Apostles. They are provided with board and lodging at the Casa dell'Anima, the Hospital of Santa Marta, and in private houses. The same evening of their arrival they inaugurated their visits to the basilicas, shrines, and monuments of the city. The pilgrims are divided into two groups or divisions, and are distinguished by green and red tickets respectively. The hour for meals, where they meet for their repasts is: breakfast at 7 a.m., dinner at 1 p.m., and at 8 in the evening they sup. Yesterday they visited the beautiful little burial ground or *Campo Santo Teutonico*, of the German colony near St. Peter's, and afterwards the Vatican Basilica, where they paid a visit to the tomb of the Apostles and heard Mass. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock they ushered forth again to visit some of the principal monuments of the Eternal City, and in the evening they were entertained with music at the Catholic reading rooms in the Via dell' Anima, where there will be an entertainment every evening during their stay here, until next Friday. This (Sunday) morning they visited various churches, for instance, St. Philip's, commonly known as the *Chiesa Nuova*, St. Augustin's the Pantheon, the Minerva and others. At 10 a.m., they were present at a sermon and High Mass in the Church of St. Maria dell' Anima, and this afternoon visited the Capitol, Aracoeli, the Mamertine Prison, the Forum, St. Francesa Romana, the Coloseum, and the Church of St Bonaventure on the Palatine hill. The various members of the Roman Committee serve as guides to the different churches and "lions" of the city.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO THE TOMB OF PIUS IX.

Among the Capuchin Fathers at the Basilica of San Lorenzo without the walls is one lately arrived from England, where he had passed some ten or twelve years of missionary life—a certain Father Benedict de Milis, O S.F.C. He had the honor of receiving there lately the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, who entered their names in the visitor's book at the tomb of the late Pontiff, Pius IX., of happy memory. The same good Father's cup of happiness was still destined to be filled to overflowing when he afterwards had the further honor of receiving the Marquis of Hartington in company with the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, late Viceroy of India and the present British ambassador of the Quirinal who also entered their names in the same book as a tribute to the memory of the late Pontiff. They afterwards visited the antiquities under the rev. father's guidance.

AN EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS.

An exhibition of the designs for the new Jewish synagogue is going on. There are over twenty designs, mostly in Byzantine style, with domes (except one or two in poor classical style). They are all Oriental in character, and some are really fine architecturally. The synagogue will be built on the new embankment of the Tiber, where the Ghetto once stood. Under the Papal Government, the Jewish synagogue was the only place of worship, not Catholic, tolerated within the walls of Rome, and Pius IX. once repaired and re-decorated the synagogue at his own expense. It was soon after his return from Gaeta.

ITALIAN PILGRIMS.

A large Italian pilgrimage is expected on the 19th inst., and the Pope will descend into St. Peter's on Monday 21st, and celebrate Mass for them, after which the leaders of the pilgrimage will be presented to him.

THE LATE PRINCE DORIA.

The morning journals announced the death of Prince Doria, on the 7th inst., at the early age of 47. He had undergone a most serious operation, for which chloroform was administered, and from the effects of which he did not rally. We understand that a special inquiry into the cause of death will be held. The heir is the brother of the deceased prince, Alfonso Doria, who is also Duke of Newcastle, and has a son four years old and a daughter of three. The mother of the deceased prince (who was commonly known as Gianetto Doria) was a daughter of Lord Shrewsbury. The will of the late Prince Gianette Doria contains legacies to all the employes of the family, and to the servants. The funeral took place on the 10th, at 5 p.m. At the desire of the deceased all was simple as possible, still it took an hour and a half to defile; it passed by the Corso, the new Corso Vittorio Emanuele, &c., to the Church of St. Agnes, which is under the protection of the family, in the Piazza Navona. Nearly all the Roman nobility were present, and walked behind the coffin, which was carried by four custodians of the Villa Pamphili Doria. All the old historic families were represented, Borghese, Colona, Odescalchi, Chigi, Garbrielli, Sciarra, Boncampagne, Di Belmonte, Ruspoli, Porlones, Gaetani, Fiano Altemps, &c., &c., and all political differences were forgotten, and among those present were the Pecci family, the ambassadors both of the King and Pope, the families Machi, Coello, Sacchetti, Lerlupi, etc.

THE PARNELL BRANCH.

President Killelea's Report—The Coming Picnic—Funds for the Irish Cause.

(*Nashville American, April 26*).

The Parnell Branch of the Irish National League of America met yesterday afternoon, with an unusually large attendance. Mr. J. Martin, chairman of the committee on entertainment, reported with reference to the arrangements for the picnic to be given at Richland Park, June 1st, that he had appointed all the sub committees, and that they had gone to work with manifestations of such a laudable spirit as would insure the complete success of the entertainment. They will arrange for all manner of outdoor games calculated to amuse and entertain those who may attend the picnic, and there will be provided a first-class string band to furnish music for dancing.

Mr. Martin's report was unanimously adopted. It was announced that an oration would be delivered on "The cause of Ireland" by one of Nashville's most prominent speakers. The branch voted to send to the national treasurer, for the benefit of the Irish cause, the sum of $100.

President James Killelea made a report in respect to his attendance at the meeting of the National Executive Committee at St. Louis, for which the branch tendered him a vote of thanks. The following is President Killelea's report:

NASHVILLE, April 27.—To the members of the Parnell Branch—Gentlemen: By a cordial letter of invitation from President Fitzgerald and Secretary Sutton, of the Irish National League of America, to attend a meeting of its executive committee at the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, I was present on the notable occasion. The meeting was a large and truly representative one, and composed of some of the most distinguished Irish-American citizens. The proceedings of the committee were marked with the best of harmony, and there was a most commendable unanimity of purpose. An eager desire was shown by the entire body to work in one direction only, and that in the interest of the cause which they are patriotically espousing.

The principal question before the committee was the advisability of holding a national convention this year. The unanimous voice was in favor of it, and it was decided to hold one at Baltimore, Md., provided it should meet with the approval of Mr. Parnell. President Fitzgerald was therefore fully empowered and authorized to name the date of holding the proposed convention. Resolutions were unanimously adopted indorsing the course of Parnell and approving of the administration of the executive officers of the Irish National League of America. Respectfully,

JAMES KILLELEA.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

MARRIAGE AND COSMETICS.

Eleanor Kirk Has Something to Say About Both Subjects.

Arsenic Cures Pimples but Kills the Person Who Uses it Medicinely.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 28.—Some of the most intelligent women of Brooklyn have formed themselves into a society to look after the public health. They have already commenced to spur on the officials in the matter of street cleaning, and so practically that some of the politicians are sternly protesting against what they are pleased to call "the impertinent cackling of a lot of old hens." This isn't very complimentary, but the women are plucky and efficient, and if worst comes to worst they will all take brooms and go to sweeping. I will buy the best broom I can find, and join the brigade at any moment. I should like to be assigned to duty in the City Hall. I think the dust I could raise there would not be likely to be mistaken for the scratching of either a hen or a pullet.

If I were sufficiently pessimistic to judge by my daily mail of the happiness or unhappiness of my married sisters, I should be inclined to say that there was not a happy wife in the whole world. But thank heaven I know better than this, for I am acquainted with many wives who to all appearance are perfectly contented with their lot. I wish I had kept an account of all the requests I have had to give my views on the silly question—"Is marriage a failure?" Today comes another invitation to air my opinions, and as the sun is shining, and the air is balmy, and the peach trees have started to put out their pink buds, and as in consequence I feel unusually good natured, I will try to relieve her mind on this subject, though to my mind it is unutterably ridiculous. What percentage, to begin with, of the men and women who are living together in so-called marital relations, are really married, I have no means of knowing. But I do not recognize as marriage anything short of a perfect union of hearts. The woman who can write me and complain of her husband does not love her husband, consequently her relation to the man she calls her husband is not the relation of true marriage. The woman who marries a man on account of his wealth or social position is not truly a wife. She has simply sold herself. Marriage cannot be a failure, but the sham that passes for marriage is the most terrible kind of failure, because the most far-reaching in its consequences. For those who come together in good faith and afterward find their unsuitability to each other, I have the greatest sympathy. Some of these are apparently not in the least to blame, though I think it will generally be found that there was not enough time and thought given to the study of each other. So in my way of thinking marriage is not a failure, but men and women are frequently failures, and "there's the rub."

To the correspondents who have asked me about hats I would say that there is no shape or style that does not seem to be fashionable. There are small hats and large hats, hats turned up at the side, hats turned up at the back, soft felt hats, large and small, with and without dents in the crown. There are shirred silk bonnets such as were worn in our grandmothers' day. Some of these are shirred only at the crown, others are shirred at the brim as well. These bonnets are intended to match the costumes, and are often made of the same material as the dress. It was never so difficult to get out of the fashion in the matter of headgear as at present. The only requirement seems to be that the trimmings shall be tasteful and the hat bear some sort of becoming relation to the head that is to wear it. Heads that are broad at the top and have big bumps on either side—caution and constructiveness, phrenologists call them, I believe—are very hard to fit. A small fussy bonnet on such a head is simply grotesque, and yet a large bonnet does not always meet the requirements. Then it is very hard for women who do not spend their lives planning their personal adornments to tell whether a bonnet frame or an untrimmed straw will or will not be suitable. To me the changes of the seasons are beautiful, but there is one sad and awful drawback to my full enjoyment of them. That drawback is hats. An hour in a dentist's chair is, more endurable than an hour in a millinary establishment, and there is nothing on earth that so arouses my envy as the woman who trips gracefully and capably to the hat counter, and after a sweep of the goods with her trained vision, selects a shape, tries it on daintily, pays for it, and gets out. She knows what she wants and what will suit her. I consider that a genuine talent.

The Easter number of the New York *Ledger* was one of our best journalistic achievements. When Robert Bonner gave up his pet occupation to his sons, evil days were prophesied by many, but they have not come. On the contrary the *Ledger* was never so wide awake and interesting as it is at present. Horace Greeley used to say that "the best recommendation a paper could have was the good will of its contributors." This the *Ledger* has always enjoyed, for pay now as in the old days is prompt, and a good worker is always appreciated.

To the letters constantly received concerning cosmetics I am at a loss to know what more to add to that which has already been said. For the hundredth time I repeat that arsenic will cure pimples, but it also destroys health. Don't use it. I have given information once or twice in regard to a safe and beautiful dressing for the complexion, but I have never, as a lady in Essex county informs me that I have, told how to remove superfluous hair from the face. I am not acquainted with any such process. To those who have asked me about massage for the face, I will answer as soon as I have looked into the matter. ELEANOR KIRK.

THE ANCIENT ORDER.

[*To the Editor.*]

PEORIA, Ill., April 28.—Inasmuch as it is the aim and ambition of yourself and your valuable paper to unite the men of Ireland, at home and abroad, by healing the wounds and dissensions of the past, I respectfully ask you to publish the following desultory but earnest suggestions in the columns of THE CITIZEN. The once powerful benevolent and patriotic organization known as the Ancient Order of Hibernians, is broken and divided; its glorious motto, "Unity, Friendship and True Christian Charity," should not be a mockery and delusion, but a stern and sublime reality. The national delegates of both wings of the Order are hurling epithets at each other through the columns of the *United Irishman* instead of paving the way to a thorough and substantial reconciliation.

I believe Mr. Wilhere is actuated solely by the purest motives in his efforts to heal the breach and re-unite the scattered members of the A.O.H., but he must bear in mind that nothing can be accomplished by harsh words and uncharitable insinuations. Mr. Lawrence Kelly, national delegate of the alleged "B. of E." Hibernians, denies having received notice to the effect that Mr. Farley had been appointed to act as arbitrator; and on the other hand Mr. Wilhere publicly declares that he has in his possession a letter from Mr. Kelly in which the said Kelly admits that he is well pleased to hear that so patriotic a a prelate as Mgr. Farley has consented to act. It is the duty of the rank and file of the "B. of E." Hibernians to urge upon Mr. Kelly the necessity of setting aside all prejudices and use all honorable means to unite the A.O.H. of America.

To give substantial aid and encouragement to the Irish people at home; to relieve distress among its own members; to dry the tears of the afflicted widow and orphan; to unite our people and disseminate the spirit of fraternal love is the divine mission of the A.O.H. I see no reason why both wings of the Order should not be consolidated within the next sixty days. The evil of disunion already exists. Let some modern Moses point out the remedy. If the national officers are unable and unwilling to unite the discordant elements the tens of thousands of honest, earnest Irishmen who constitute the membership of our grand organization should take the matter into their own hands.

I will not enter into a discussion of the causes that led to the secession of the "B of E." wing of the organization from the parent stem. Nor do I desire to speak harshly or disparagingly of the good and true men who steadfastly adhere to their respective branches of the Order. The aims and objects of both wings of the A.O.H. are practically the same. The members worship at the same shrine and kneel at the same altar. The eligibility to membership in either branch is absolutely identical. Let the delegates selected to attend the separate national conventions of the Order, to be held this month, insist upon a reunion. Archbishop Corrigan has already appointed Mgr. Farley to adjust the existing grievances. If that eminent divine is not acceptable let another be chosen. The way to unite is to unite. Let not trading politicians nor designing knaves keep us separated any longer. To see the A. O. H. united once more is my highest and holiest ambition. "We must tolerate one another or else tolerate the common enemy."

JOHN DOWNS.

MATRIMONIAL.

M'HALE-DUNNE.

One of the pleasant occasions of the past week was the marriage of Mr. Edward McHale and Miss Minnie Dunne. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Riordan on Wednesday of last week, at the church of St. Elizabeth, corner of State and Forty-first streets. After the ceremony the company retired to the home prepared for the bride, at No. 4079 Dearborn street. The ceremony was of the most imposing character. Mrs. Lavelle, the mother of Rev. Father Lavelle, of New York, gave the bride away. A reception at the new home of the young couple took place, and a pleasant time resulted. The presents were numerous and costly, and the occasion will long be remembered by all present. An elegant supper was served and the long life and future happiness of the newly married couple was drunk. The reception continued during the entire evening and was attended by many old and prominent citizens. M'C.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

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"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XX.

A SUMMER NIGHT AT ORCHARD COTTAGE.

The dusk had fallen by imperceptible degrees, until, to the softened glory of an August evening the thick darkness of night succeeded.

The harvest-clad sides of Carrig Brae were shrouded in gloom; the orchard trees raised themselves like guarding sentinels, barely seen through the darkness; and, save the corncake in the fields, or the murmuring ripple of the streamlet through the meadows, there was no sound to disturb the silence of the night.

Withinside the Orchard House the lights had been long lit, and were still burning—a very unusual thing, for, in the harvest time particularly, early to bed and early to rise was the custom. The workers, who, to avail themselves of the summer hours, were up and at wake as soon as day dawned, must perforce, if they were to preserve their strength, retire to bed with the waning daylight.

On this particular evening, however, the lights were burning late, but the time at last came when it was necessary they should prepare to retire.

"We may as well say the Rosary now," said Mrs. O'Keefe; "we did not say it once since the harvest began, and we may as well say it now."

"Well, mother," said Maury, "say only one decade of the Rosary. We're all so tired. Finish with that, and don't be tacking on any other prayer to it. Remember we've to be up early in the morning."

"You ought to thank God, Maury, that you have health and strength to say it, and not to be grumbling about it."

"I'm not grumbling, mother; but I wish we had said it early in the evening, and then we'd have had it over us."

"I declare she looks upon her prayers as a task," said Joe, who thought very hard himself of going to say long prayers at that unreasonable hour, and who would have been much more content to have simply blessed himself, said a pater and ave and gone to bed. "As a task! There's a nice christianable young woman!"

"I'll engage, if the truth were known, you'd think worse yourself of saying them than I do," said Maury; "I suppose you didn't say the Rosary twice these thirty years, until the fall in the quarry frightened you."

"There's more of it," said Joe gravely. "Not liking to say your prayers, number one; telling lies about your neighbor in regard of his age, number two; misjudging your neighbors moral character, number three. Three nice sins for a girl to commit in five minutes, or less. Three nice sins before saying the Rosary."

"Moral character," said Maury, pushing him out of the way. "Who ever saw an old coachman with a moral character, or any character but one as tattered as an old hat you'd put up to scare away the crows. Stand out of the way until I lay down the table."

The table in question was a long one which stood up against the kitchen wall, and rested on an iron bar, on which it hinged. When needed for use one end was supported by this iron bar, the other by a hinging prop; but otherwise it rested upright on the iron bar against the wall, out of the way.

It was usually let down for the meals; whenever, of winter nights, a game of cards was played; or when any other festivity was in course; also on occasions when the Rosary was being read, that the head of the house might kneel at the end, and such others of the family or chance visitors as wished at the sides. But if they choose to kneel elsewhere they might—there was no limitation placed on them.

"I'll help you to let it down," said Joe officiously.

"Well, you needn't. I can let it down myself," said Maury, with an assumed appearance of angry haughtiness.

"You're in a nice state to say prayers, you are," said Joe. "'From anger, patience, and ill-will, the lord deliver us!' Mrs. O'Keefe, would you mind, when you finish the Rosary, saying the Litany of the Saints? I think it would do me a deal of good."

Mrs. O'Keeffe took up Joe's request as being profoundly serious, and was too simple in her way to notice the dry jocularity and malicious drollery that lay lurking beneath it.

"Indeed, I will, Joe; and I'm very glad you asked me. Don't mind Maury. It's too much sleep she gets."

"Thank you ma'am," said Joe gratefully, while a look at Maury attested his malicious delight. "And if you say a few pather and halves when that's finished, I'd like it very much. Wouldn't you, Miss Norah?"

As every eye was directed to this abrupt question to Norah, Where she knelt at the table beside Mrs. O'Keeffe, with the candle shining full on her face, there was nothing for it but to say promptly—

"Yes; to be sure," and then covered her face with her two hands to hide the blush the abruptness of the question called into it.

"There! Glory be to God," said Joe in a pious undertone, with that sorrowful gravity with which people sometimes talk over the failings of their neighbors, "what differ there is between people—brought up side by side, you might say. One liking to say her prayers, the other hating them."

"If you don't shy your prayers properly I'll throw this turf at you," said Maury, with difficulty repressing a laugh.

"Maury!" said Mrs. O'Keeffe, laying down her prayer book, and glancing with great reproof at her daughter, "I'm astonished at your conduct. Do you remember what you're going to say?"

As Maury glanced with mortified good humor at Joe, who knelt at the other side of the table from her, and saw the expression of assumed gravity and sanctity that was on his eyes and pursed up lips, she had much difficulty to keep from laughing again

As, however, that was what he wanted, and as it would bring further censure upon her, besides being an unpardonable breach of rural good manners, she with great difficulty restrained herself; and placing her hands over her face and eyes to shut out all view of him, gave her attention to the Rosary.

The latter was finished, and Mrs. O'Keeffe commenced, in obedience to the pious request of Joe to recite the Litany of the Saints.

Maury withdrew her hands from her eyes, and in doing so let them fall on Joe's face. The latter, who had been apparently thinking of something else, immediately assumed once more his look of supernatural and preposterous piety. The laugh rose to Maury's light heart, at this ridiculous assumption of sanctity, but before it had developed itself too much it was turned into a hushed cough.

Afraid, however, to trust her laughing humor any longer to the tempting fiend opposite. Maury rose from her place; and, on pretext of finding it quieter, knelt in a darkened corner of the kitchen, which the light of the candle failed to illume, and where she said the responses in undisturbed shadow.

"From imprisonment and the perils of death," read out the old woman.

"Oh, Lord deliver us!" responded half a dozen voices in subdued tones of prayer.

"From——"

A shriek from Maury fell with startling effect on the silent praying group.

"There is someone at the window looking in!—there is some one at the window! Look! See who it is!" she cried in frightened tones.

All present started swiftly to their feet. All eyes were at once turned to where the little window of the kitchen reflected the darkness of the starless summer night outside. The light of the candle being in their eyes, they could see in it nothing but blackness.

But Maury, who had been kneeling in the shadow, had readier quickness in seeing, and she averred she had seen a man's face gazing in at them and taking note of the proceedings through the window!

Her exceeding nervousness, and almost hysterical fear, in marked contrast to her light hearted manner previously, showed at once that her statement was true—that her fears were real, and not imaginary.

"Let us see if there is anyone about the out houses or in the bawn," said Charley, who happened to be present, the young man of whom we have made note before at the funeral in the Abbey graveyard.

Taking the candle from the table and placing it in a lantern, that it might be extinguished, he hurried out accompanied by the two men servants, and searched the houses and the bawn diligently; while the three trembling women and the servant girl and Joe, who was as yet unable to move swiftly about, remained within in the darkness.

"Where are the skiethogs, mother? Throw some of them on the fire, and don't leave us in the dark like that!" said Maury, who, clinging to her mother and Norah, was in a state of intense fear. "I'll die if I'm left in the dark. Mother, for the love of God get me a light!"

"Let me go, Maury, and I will," said the old woman, who was held fast in the girl's unconscious grasp. "You're holding me so tight I can't stir. Let me go, Maury, let me go!"

But Maury could not let go the grasp her startled hands had laid hold of; and the old woman was fain to bid the servant to throw some split bogwood on the white ashes of the smouldering fire.

"You'll get a heap of it on the shelf. Throw it on the fire at once and it will light up. God between us and all harm! are you sure you saw anyone, Maury?"

"Don't ask me, mother! don't ask me! To be sure I am."

"God between us and all harm! the good people were always hanging about Mrs. Moore's before they were turned out, too," said Mrs. O'Keeffe, in whose kind, patient, simple heart the dread of eviction was the only fear that ever rose, morning, noon, or night. "It's the fairies you saw, Maury."

"It was not fairies who used to come about our place," said Norah quietly, somewhat frightened too, but much more composed than the others.

She had, young as she was, gone through seas of troubles. She had heard feet often prowling about their quiet home in the stillness of the night time. She had seen faces peering in at the window—not kindly faces of fairies in sympathy with her troubles—but faces jealous of their comfort, and hungering for the fine fields her ancestors' care and industry had made out of barren lands. She had seen the root tree stripped over her mother's head, and that mother turned away in her old age from the place where her young married days were passed and her children born, to die on a stranger's floor. She had seen her brother borne off among guarding soldiers to prison on a false charge; and amid the gleaming lights of the court, had heard the words of a harsh judge sentence the young fellow to penal servitude for seven years.

All this she had seen and passed through; and while sorrow and affliction failed to dim the entrancing brightness of her eyes, or the fascinating beauty of her face, it had left within her heart a strength and firmness that not ordinary events easily disturbed.

"It was not fairies who used to come about our place. They would not have turned us out of house and home. But—oh! my God!—whose face is that I see? Who is standing at the door—outside in the darkness? Oh! Maury!—for God's sake!—look—see who it is!" she screamed in great affright as the light of the skiethog, waven in Joe's hand, disclosed a form standing at the door, and a face appearing—as a dead man's face of a moonlight night might be seen peering from above a tombstone—out of the gloom!

Lifting her eyes, Maury, not less frightened than Norah herself, looked in the direction indicated. But the impression made on her mind by the apparition was vastly different from that made on Norah's, and the effect caused on her terrors different in the same degree; for, quickly recovering herself, she snatched the torch hastily from Joe's hand, and walked boldly to the door—the light advancing before her, and throwing its brightness on the bawn outside. As she did so the form outside advanced to meet her.

"Kevin! Kevin!" the young girl attempted to cry; but the stranger, advancing quickly, placed his hand on her mouth, and, drawing her to him, kissed her.

"Who is ins de, Maury?" he asked hurriedly; but the cry of the young girl had awakened the attention of the others, and as she, disengaging herself from his embrace, ran and closed the door, Norah had seen who it was, and in a second more had her arms around his neck.

"Kevin! Kevin! can this be you? Is it really you I see? Oh, Kevin, is it you I have my arms around again? Is it you, or how did you come back?"

"Hush, Norah! It is I. Don't speak so loud. I ought not to have come here tonight, but I could not help it. I could not bear to wait a minute."

"Oh, Kevin, Kevin. Can it be possible you have returned. I can hardly believe it. Oh! Kevin! I am so glad to see you."

"And I am so glad to see you, Norah. I was in Paris, but found you had left; and knowing where you had come, came straight after you."

"This is not Kevin, is it?" said Joe, as, when Norah had disengaged her arms from around him, his eye fell on the stranger's face. "Yes, God be praised! so it is," as, stepping near to get a better view, he saw it was indeed he.

"Kevin, honey," said the old woman, "we thought you were hundreds of miles over the sea by this. How did you ever come back?"

"It would be a long story to tell, Mrs. O'Keeffe and Joe," said Kevin, as his eyes filled with tears, shaking hands with them, "but my return is a secret and must be kept a secret."

"Ah, go away, mother and Joe," said Maury, after she had closed and fastened the door with much presence of mind, "do you want to have the whole world knowing he's back? Come in here, Kevin," pushing him into an inner room that led off the kitchen, "and hang a quilt or a blanket over the door, so that nobody can see the light. You'll find a candle inside. Put up the shutters on the window."

With these hasty injunctions, Maury, who rightly estimated the exact circumstances of the case, hurried him into the room and closed the door. Then unfastening the outer door again, as the noise of the searchers with their lights were heard approaching by the gable end.

"The blessing of God be about us!" said Maury. "Did anyone ever see the like of that? Glory be to God! it is the dead came to life again."

"It is wonderful to think of it—glory be to the wonderful hand of God that brought him back!" said Norah, whose face was as white with surprise, as Maury's was flushed with excitement.

"Never was anything so wonderful in this world," said the latter emphatically. "Was there, Joe?"

"Never," said Joe, as he stood leaning against the kitchen table, almost inanimate from surprise. "Only, what I'd say is this: don't say anything about it when the rest come in. Let them all go to their beds at once. The less is known about this, you may depend upon it, the better it will be."

There was a general concensus of opinion that Joe's suggestion was quite right, and, therefore, as soon as they had returned and intimated the unsuccess of their search, they were dismissed to their beds. They slept in the rooms over the stable, where the fresh breeze, blowing from the hayfields outside, made it much pleasanter during the summer months than if they had slept in the dwelling house

After the dismission of the servant men to their beds, Maury closed up the window of the kitchen, locked and bolted the door, and then entered the parlor where the late convict was, and returned with him to the kitchen fire, but not until there was an interchange of affection that might almost have made amends for months in an English dungeon.

"And so—glory be to God!—you have come back to us, Kevin?"

"Ay, Maury—back again after months of traveling and torture. But I am so glad to be here — so glad to see you and Norah once more—that I forget it all."

"Is there—is there"—said Maury with trembling lips—"any danger to you in thus coming back?"

"Danger, darling—but we musn't speak of danger tonight: this is a time for rejoicings and not for tolings."

"So it is," said Maury, rapidly chasing away her fears. "Oh, Kevin! how glad I am to see you again—how often I wept for you the long night through, until dawn came in through the windows, and my eyes were blind with tears. Oh! Kevin! how did you come? Where did you come from?"

"It would be a long story to tell you, Maury, darling," said Kevin, with a wearied expression, but with intense affection as he pressed her in his arms, and kissed her white forehead; "it would be too long a story to tell you now."

"It must have been the hand of God that brought you back, Kevin. We had almost given you up for lost—as lost as if you were sleeping in the Abbey."

"It is a long story, Maury, dear, a long story of suffering, sickness and shipwreck, but it is all over, and I am glad—oh! so glad!—to see you and Norah again. If I had to suffer it all over and over I would gladly do so for the unutterable joy of having you in my arms again."

"Are you so glad to see me, Kevin?" said the girl, as, in the excess of delight, that sent the blood bounding through her heart, and the blinding tears to her eyes, she threw her arms around his neck, and, drawing his face down to hers, kissed him.

"What a new brightness the world has when you're back. What a new life to my heart. Oh! Kevin! I hope the troubles are over for us now, and that the dreadful past is gone—never to return. But I am keeping you too long from Norah. Come down to the fire. The house is quiet—and, thank God! we can all sit around the fire together once more. Like the old times, Kevin—like the old times."

And they all did sit in their old places, and it is seldom such rejoicing hearts gathered around the hearthstone of any home. The fire itself seemed to feel it, for it brightened and blazed up the ample chimney, and threw brilliant sparkles all around.

There was room enough for all. The chimney place was not alone large enough to hold the blazing fire, but, being built in the form of a parallelogram, was sufficient to give abundant room for the winter gossipers. Here in the pleasant Christmas times and the long winter nights the men of the house and chance neighbors sat, and in the cheerful blaze of the pleasant turf fire, discussed the subjects of the day, or retailed the quaint, romantic fables and legends of olden tradition that have thus been handed down from generation to generation.

I always think that these fire places, with their pleasant glow of heat, over whose form and shape a thousand years have passed unaltered, have contributed in no small degree, to the hearty social feeling, kindliness of manner, and cheerfulness of spirit of the Irish people.

Whenever the Irish people grow unsocial, morose, and gloomy, it will have been when coal has usurped the place of turf and the abominable stove the bright light of the ancient fire place.

There was something, moreover, that made the heart feel profoundly religious, as, in the wanning hours of night, the red fire smouldered into greeshugh, and the white ashes, piled up on the hearth, seemed a beautiful emblem of decay and death. Nowhere the Rosary could be said so meetly as in the dying glow of the waning fires, and while the flat stones of the hearth yet retained their heat.

And when the live coals were covered over with white ashes, and "raked up" to preserve the "seed of the fire" until morning, what finer or more poetic emblem of rest and repose and sleeping life could there be?

And so with a sense of happiness that no words could describe, the reunited group talked and talked until an unexpected knocking at the door startled them from their dream of security and happiness.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

IRISH ATHLETICS.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, April 20, 1890.—The two communications on the subject of "Gaelic Athletic games," which appeared in your issue of March 29, show that some of our people are taking an interest in the subject, and a thorough discussion of the objects and aims of the clubs which have lately been organized, would induce large numbers of young Irishmen to either attach themselves to those clubs already formed, or else come together in their different localities, and organize others of a similar character.

I was delighted by the able article contributed by Mr. Maloney, of the "Emmets," who seems to be one of the few who first initiated this movement, and the flourishing organization which has resulted from their patriotic efforts is a credit, either from a social or athletic standpoint, to those of our exiled race who have made Chicago their home.

Though later in the field, the "Innisfail Athletic Club" is making rapid progress, and, after allowing the members a little more time to practice together, will be ready to place a team of twenty-one trained athletes in the field, who will engage in a friendly contest for the championship, either in a foot ball or hurling match, with any organized club existing in or around Chicago. Of course it is understood that all matches must be played according to the latest rules of the Gaelic Athletic Association of Ireland. And what delight it would be to many of our countrymen, now in their declining days, and who have been away from the land of their birth for twenty, thirty, forty, aye fifty years; what vivid memories of their young days would be again recalled; how their hearts would thrill with emotion at the sight of forty-two trained and active athletes, with the clashing of their hurleys, and the wild halooing of the encouragers and scout runners, as the fortunes of the contest seemed to favor one side or the other; why such exhibitions would do more to enkindle the patriotic fire which is sometimes allowed to slumber in our breasts, than, at all events, the hopes (God help us) arising from the efforts of the "Irish Party" in the foreign parliament. Already we have seen many beneficial results arising from the organization of our club. It has brought together many old friends, who had been neighbors and comrades at home, and who, until they happened to come together at our meetings, hadn't the least idea that they were located together in Chicago. And in many an old veteran it has revived fond memories of the past, and as he gathers his sons or grandsons around him, and relates tales of the wonderful feats he performed, or saw performed, on hurling fields at home in Ireland, he naturally implants in their hearts a patriotic pride in the old land from which their fathers came, and they become better children of the old stock from whence they sprung. I would state right here that some of our best members are old men, who can do no more than get out to our practice grounds, and look on, while the young active members are exercising themselves at the various athletic sports; and it is a poor excuse for not joining, when anyone says "I would like to promote the objects for which you are organized, but I am getting a little old and stiff, and am not as active as I used to be." Any good Irishman or Irishman's son is eligible to membership in the "Innisfail Athletic Club," which meets the first and third Monday of every month at Horan's Hall, corner of Halsted and Harrison streets, and where, on the designated nights, any information required, concerning the club, will be cheerfully furnished. I understand the Emmet Club meets now at No. 208 Blue Island avenue, and there may be other clubs which I cannot locate at present.

I am afraid of occupying too much of your space, but, in conclusion, would urge my countrymen in Chicago to bestir themselves; take pattern by the great and good archbishop of Cashel; think of the old stock from which they are sprung, and the grand old traditions of their race, and either join some existing Gaelic Athletic Club, or help organize new ones, until Chicago shall once more stand pre-eminent, as the home of Irish nationalism.

PATRICK COGHLAN,
"The Innisfails."

GAELIC POETRY.

An t-Eireannach in Eirinn.

Sgriobhtha i m-Beurla le Saosanach tompuigh-the Aidrighthe go Gaelic le "Padraic."

Sul thainic mise trasna 'n mhuir
Do'n oileán so ró-dheas,
Do shaoileas go raibh Eireannaighe
'Nna g-cine greannmhar, glas:
Gur iomchar siad-san bataidhe mór',
'S gur dúbhairt siad leat gan stad:
"Oehón, a chuisle, tare-an-ouns,
Begorra," 'gus "bedad."

Gan tóin do shaoileas gach caibín
Le dúidín in a lúb;
Gur straoil gach fear a chota siar,
'S nach bh-feicfinn bróg air chrúb.
Nach bh-feicfinn ann, 's nach g-cluinfinn ann,
Acht meisgeotridhe 'gus gleó;
'S go m-béidheadh aos óg ag iarraidh troid'
'Nuair casfadh mise leó.

Do mheas mé go raibh sróa gach fir
Ag iompughadh air an spéir;
Go raibh gach beul se órlaighe fíor',
Le gráin orthu gó leir;
Do mheas mé ceann gach duine bheith
Chó cruaidh le cnapán gusli;
'S nach raibh aon cholann ceart air bith
Gan iarball air a cúl.

* * * * * * *

Acht 'nuair a chuireas cos 'san tir,
Go beacht bhí m'iongantus mór,
Oir chonnarcas na daoine ann
Go dfreach mar ba chóir.
Ní raibh a gnúise go h-iomlán
Mar ghnúisibh na m-"baboons;"
Chaith a órán daoineadh "billycocks,"
'Gus cuid díobh "pantaloons."

Nior fhás a bh-fiacla troigh níos mó
'Ná fiacla Sacsanaigh
'Sní raibh a g-cluasa i state 'nach
'Mar bhratachaibh 'san n-gaoith.
Do chonnarcas aon ghnúis no do
D'a d-tabharfainn beagán dúil;
Saíor chuir a g-céim no méid a g-cos
Aon iongnadh air mo shúil.

Do casadh liom, anois 's arís,
Fear digin nach raibh "léi;"
A's gidh gur fhann mé bliadhain 'san tir,
Fós tá me chúmha síos.
Do casadh liom, ansud 's anseo,
Fear lonnraic 'measg na m-beoht;
'Gus chualas ráth no dó d'a labhairt
A m-Beurla bhí gan locht.

Is cosamhail nach prátaidhe fuar'
Go h-uile méid a lóin,
'Gus thuit mo shúil air bhothán beag
Gan baile ann de mhóin.
A bh-feoil, nf'l na h-Eireannaighe
Go léir 'ona n-amadán',
'S le Fein-Riaghail bóidh gach Páddy díobh
Chó-maith le bráthair Seaghán!

A TIPPERARY POET AND NOVELIST.

The J. F. Meagher Testimonial Fund.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—Many Irishmen at home and abroad will gladly learn that it is proposed to present a testimonial to John Francis Meagher ("Slieve namon.") On the 2nd February, 1866, Mr. Meagher was, on the information of the infamous spy, Talbot, arrested in his native town of Carrick-on Suir for his connection with the Fenian organization. With him were arrested his father, then in his seventy-fifth year; his brother William who died in Mountjoy Prison after two years' solitary confinement; Sergeant McCarthy and others. Mr. Meagher was subjected to prison tortures in Clonmel, Kilmainham and Mountjoy. He was released in '67, after his health had been shattered by imprisonment, only to find his circle broken up.

Since then Mr. Meagher has been a well known contributor to Irish journals. He was employed for some time in the *Irishman* Office; and from 1869 to 1880 was a regular contributor to the *Irishman* and *Shamrock*. From '85 to '87 many contributions of his appeared in *Young Ireland* and in the *Irish Fireside*, now the *Glasgow Observer*, under the general title, "Legends of Southern Ireland." Few have done more than Mr. Meagher has to rescue from oblivion the legends that still survive amongst the peasantry of Waterford and his native Tipperary. He is now unfortunately in very poor health and is in embarrassed circumstances.

His friends have therefore resolved to organize a testimonial to mark their sense of his life-long patriotism, and their appreciation of his sufferings for the "good old cause." Our purpose in appealing is to bring the testimonial under the notice of Mr. Meagher's many friends and admirers (and they are legion), who live far away from his native town. We hope that all who admire the part Mr. Meagher has borne in the Irish struggle, as well as all those who have derived pleasure and profit from his writings, will contribute generously to the testimonial which it is proposed to present him with.

Committee—Rev. W. P. Hickey, Glasgow; P. J. Maher, Maurice Power, Wm. Prendergast, Clonmel; Thos. F. Walsh, M. C. Dowdall, James O'Carroll, Patrick Burke, Carrick-on Suir; Wm P O'Keeffe, Greystone street, Corrick on Suir, Hon. Treasurer, James J. Hearn, Ashpark, Carrick-on-Suir, honorable secretary.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 33 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallgan, pastor. Residence 155 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 582 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aronor ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2029 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 295 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Broussgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 233 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 836 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Megregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2634 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 420 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Eesing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. R. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2264 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 S. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1405 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3219 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—3224 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Vean, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

ENTITLED TO THE FLOOR

An Old-Time Senator Visits the Capitol.

HE SUCCEEDED DANIEL WEBSTER.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop Spends Half an Hour in the Senate Receiving Congratulations on His Long Life—An Astonished Doorkeeper—Government Exhibit at the Great World's Fair—An Important Supreme Court Decision—Capital Notes.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29.—Henry Cabot Lodge walked over from the house of representatives to the senate chamber Monday morning, accompanied by an old gentleman who wore a heavy gray overcoat, a high hat of the style of forty years ago, and carried a large cane, upon which

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

he leaned heavily. As the gentleman approached the door of the senate the doorkeeper nodded, but rather intimated to Mr. Lodge that the old gentleman did not have the privilege of the floor. Smiling blandly through his gold-rimmed spectacles, he held out his hand to the somewhat astonished doorkeeper and said: "Oh, yes, I have the privilege of the floor; I was a senator once, but probably before your time. I am also an ex-speaker of the house."

Was Senator Forty Years Ago.

Then he good-naturedly said that he was Robert C. Winthrop and that he was a senator from July, 1850, to February, 1851, having filled the unexpired term of Daniel Webster. It severely shocked the doorkeeper to meet such a famous relic of former days, but knowing Mr. Winthrop well by reputation he escorted him into the chamber with great pride. The distinguished gentleman took a seat on the sofa and in ten minutes the senators were surrounding him, all eager to congratulate him on his long life and good health. Mr. Winthrop seemed to remember a few of the antiquities like his friends Messrs. Dawes and Hoar and one or two more, and he made a great but unsuccessful effort to convince the more youthful senators that he remembered them, too. Mr. Winthrop spent a half hour in the senate, and during that time received the homage of nearly every senator in the chamber.

THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR.

Some of the Exhibits To Be Made by the Government.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29.—Among the proposed features of the government exhibit at the world's fair in Chicago, not hitherto published, are the following: The war department will display uniforms of American soldiers from the colonial period down to the present time, camp and garrison equipage, the national colors, ambulances, army wagons, etc. A realistic feature of the collection will be a post hospital. The ordnance bureau will contribute light artillery, guns, pistols, and swords, including an ancient piece of ordnance which is believed to be a relic of the Spanish occupation of Mexico.

Collection of Minerals.

One of the most important departments in the proposed exhibit is devoted to the minerals of the United States. Should sufficient money be granted it is proposed to make a collection which will compare favorably with any in the world. The bureau of animal industry will exhibit the various animal products. Probably an exhibit will also be made showing the work of the bureau in dealing with animal diseases. If possible an exhibit of the nature and character of the soils in various states and sections of the country will be made. This is done by sinking glass tubes in the ground to the depth of from four to six feet.

Signed the Arbitration Treaty.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29.—Representatives of nine of the American republics have signed the formal treaty of arbitration in Secretary Blaine's office at the department of state, namely, the United States, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Salvador, Honduras, Bolivia, Ecuador, Hayti, and the United States of Brazil. It is expected that three more signatures and seals will be added soon, and it is hoped that the signatures of all the powers will be secured in the course of the summer and autumn. Several of the ministers remained over at great inconvenience to complete their adhesion to the treaty.

A Defect in the Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29.—The bill creating the territory of Oklahoma which was passed by the house and senate and sent to the president last Friday must be referred again to congress, because of a fatal defect in its phraseology. The commissioner of the general land office, to whom the bill was referred, reports that the clause describing the boundaries of the territory reads "western line of Texas" where it should read "eastern line of Texas." The president will send the bill back to congress with a message calling attention to this defect and congress will have to amend the bill.

An Important Decision.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29.—The United States supreme court has pronounced unconstitutional state laws providing for the seizure of liquor brought into a state in its original packages. The court holds such laws to be an interference with the interstate commerce act. The state may regulate or prohibit the sale of the liquor, but can not prohibit its transportation from another state and delivery to the importer.

Death of the Racer, Col. Gore.

ST. LOUIS, April 29.—The well-known race horse, Col. Gore, owned by C. R. Beattie, died in this city. His death was caused by pleurisy, contracted en route from New Orleans to the races in this city.

A SENSATIONAL REPORT.

Made by an Investigating Committee in North Dakota.

BISMARCK, N. D., April 23.—The senate committee appointed to investigate the charges of corrupt means being used in the election of United States senators and in the passage of the Louisiana lottery bill has made a sensational report involving several public men and the Manitoba railway company. Maurice N. Johnson, candidate for United States senator, testified that editor Kellogg of the Jamestown Alert came to him one day at his headquarters during the senatorial fight and said that he had been sent from the headquarters of the opposition with a proposition to Johnson to withdraw from the senatorial race, offering him a consulship at once worth as much as the senatorship.

Would Give Him $25,000.

"I asked him what agreement I could get," said Johnson, "and he said they would give me a written agreement from them, and in addition to that would give me a sum of money for myself and enough to distribute among my followers to make them all comfortably well off, with the intimation that I was not required to account for how the distribution was made. If I cared to keep the whole amount they did not object. Afterwards, in conversation with S. W. McLaughlin of Grand Forks, he told me that he was at the headquarters of the opposition at the time and knew of the agent they had sent to me and that the amount they had agreed on was $10,000 for myself and $15,000 for my followers, estimating thirty followers at $500 each, and he also said that he heard W. E. Dodge say (Dodge is attorney for the Manitoba railroad) that the Manitoba railroad could not afford to let me go to the United States senate if it cost the company $100,000."

Several Bribes Accepted.

"What inducement did Mr. Dodge give you to withdraw?"

"He gave me no inducement to withdraw. He came to my room and treated be as though I was to be elected."

"Did you in any way ever accede to that proposition?"

"No, sir, I did not. After I had carried the caucus and it seemed probable that I would be elected, Mr. Dodge, the attorney for the Manitoba road, came to my room one morning at 4 o'clock. He said that the Manitoba road controlled eight votes in the legislature, which they could give me. I did not get those eight votes, and I don't believe the Manitoba road was able to deliver them."

A great deal of sensational testimony was given going to show that several members of the legislature had accepted from $500 to $2,000 each to vote for the lottery bill. The committee's report covers over 200 printed pages, and is made without any recommendation whatever.

FIRE IN A WYOMING MINE.

Several Men Badly Injured by an Explosion—Carelessness the Cause.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., April 23.—No. 4 mine at Rock Springs, the largest and most valuable coal mine owned by the Union Pacific railway company, was fired Thursday morning at 1 o'clock by the carelessness of the Chinese miners who were cooking in No. 3 entry, near the feed stables. A large force of volunteers made a determined fight to prevent the fire spreading. At 9:30 in the morning an explosion occurred, badly burning Dave Thomas, foreman of mine No. 1, Ed Evans, foreman of No. 7, Frank Hodge, and Alex. Dyott. Their injuries will probably prove fatal. The cries of the mules imprisoned in the feed stable can be heard by the party working to rescue them. Everything is being done to save the mine. It is the best coal property the company owns, and if the fire gains the mastery the mine must be flooded and the loss will be $1,000,000.

A JEALOUS MISCREANT.

He Kills His 16-Year-Old Sweetheart and Then Himself.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 23.—A double tragedy occurred at Hesperia, Newaygo county, a small village sixty miles northwest of this city and ten miles from Fremont Centre, the nearest railway station, Tuesday. Samuel Nelson, aged 22, shot and killed Anna Nelson, aged 16, while on her way to school, and then killed himself. They were not relatives, though of the same name. Samuel was considered the accepted lover of Anna. The tragedy was the result of a quarrel between their parents, and the dismissal of the young man when he called upon his sweetheart last Sunday night.

Two Incendiary Blazes.

TONAWANDA, N. Y., April 23.—At 11 o'clock Tuesday night a fire was discovered in the yard of the Tonawanda Lumber company, and at midnight another fire was found to be in the yards of A. M. Dodge & Co. in another quarter of the town. Both were subdued after a hard fight and the aggregate loss will not exceed $5,000. Considerable excitement was caused by the discovery that the wires of the fire alarm system had been cut in several places, and it is the general opinion that the two fires were the work of incendiaries. The Lumbermen's association will hold a meeting, and a reward will probably be offered for the detection of the incendiaries.

Run Down by a Switch Engine.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, April 23.—While half a dozen Italian trackmen were working on the Cleveland & Pittsburg road, in this city, a switch engine turned a sharp corner very suddenly, and ran over Antonio Rago and a fellow workman whose name has not been learned. Rago died shortly after reaching the hospital, and the other man was killed instantly.

Four Prisoners Break Jail.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., April 23.—Four short-term prisoners who were allowed the privilege of the corridor of the jail here effected there escape through one of the ventilators. The sheriff with a posse is scouring the country for them. A man named Cole who is awaiting trial on a charge of murder refused to accompany them.

Died at the Age of 110.

MT VERTON, Ky., April 23.—William Reynolds died at Pine Hill, this county, of old age. He was born in Hawkins county, Tennessee, in 1779, and was therefore 110 years old at his death. He moved to this state 75 years ago. He had been a user of tobacco and a moderate drinker for nearly 100 years.

Death of a Railway President.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—Samuel F. Pierson, president of the Pennsylvania, Lehigh, and Easton railroad, and late commissioner for the trunk lines at New York, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, died at his home in Holmesburg Thursday night.

The Topeka Starch Works Sold.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 23.—The National Starch company—the starch trust—has bought the Topeka Starch works. The price is said to have been about $350,000.

RUSK TO THE FARMERS.

The Present Condition of Agricultural Depression.

SOME OF THE CAUSES POINTED OUT.

Careless Culture Has Resulted in Depreciation of the Productive Power of the Land—Higher Duties on Agricultural Products Favored—Lack of Protection for the Farmer — An Improvement Needed in the System of Taxation.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 28.—Secretary Rusk in reply to hundreds of communications from different sections of the country, appealing to him for an expression of opinion respecting the present condition of agricultural depression, its causes and remedies, has issued a long address to the farmers of the country. The present agricultural depression, universally admitted, and of which there can be no doubt, the secretary says, can be traced to a combination of causes—so many that probably no one can enumerate them all. Those causes which to the secretary seem more directly responsible for this severe depression, may be divided into two classes, those inherent to farmers themselves, and for which they alone can provide a possible remedy, and those over which the farmer himself has no direct control, and the remedy for which must be provided by law.

Higher Duties Favored.

In the first class of causes indicated, he attributes depreciation of the productive power of land to a variety of causes; to careless culture, want of business-like methods, lack of study of supply and demand, and market prices, and the ownership of more land by many than they can properly care for. After alluding briefly to the discouraging effects of farm mortgages, the difficulties of the transportation question, gambling in farm products, controlling combinations, and the depressing effect of the increase of middlemen on the results of the farmers' honest toil, Secretary Rusk advances an argument in favor of higher duties on agricultural products. One of the gravest causes for the present agricultural depression, in the opinion of the secretary, is lack of protection for the farmer.

Imports and Exports.

Few agricultural people, he says, realize that our imports of agricultural products estimated at prices paid by the consumer, are about equal to our agricultural exports estimated at prices paid to the farmer, yet such is the case. Our imports of products sold in competition with those actually produced on our own soil, amount to nearly $115,000,000 annually, and as much more could be produced on our own soil under favorable conditions. Our imports of agricultural products for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1889, aggregated $266,000,000, the far greater part of which, perhaps, $250,000,000 could, the secretary thinks, with proper encouragement, be produced on our own soil.

Protection as a Remedy.

To protection the secretary looks for a remedy. "One glance," he says, "at the comparative rates of duty levied upon agricultural as compared with other products, one glance at the free list, the greater portion of which consists of agricultural products, either grown or which could be grown upon our own soil, and a comparison of these figures with the average rate of duty levied upon manufactured articles, ought to be sufficient to silence forever any opposition to the demand I have made on behalf of the American farmer in my annual report, namely—that by a wise application of our admirable protective system, all the benefits of our home market be secured to him for everything he may be able to produce."

Taxation on Farm Property.

Our system of taxation, the secretary thinks, demands improvement in certain directions. The cost of supporting the government needs to be equitably adjusted among the different classes of our people. At present in many states the burden of local taxation presses heavily upon farm property, its very nature rendering it easily assessable. Every corporation created by the state, and to whom special privileges are granted, either by state, county, or incorporated village or city, should be taxed in proportion to its earnings, and in all ways the principle of taxation should be to place the burden maintaining the government, whether state, municipal or national, upon the luxuries and comforts which the wealthy enjoy, and to reduce it to a minimum in its application to the hardly earned property of the poor man.

Fire at Baraboo, Wis.

BARABOO, Wis., April 23.—The large carpenter shop and shops of the bridge and building department of the Madison division of the Northwestern Railway company, besides other smaller buildings, were totally consumed by fire. The building contained material of considerable value besides the workmen's tools, which are considered a great loss. Ringling & Bros.' circus cars were also damaged to some extent.

Killed by Accident.

BOSTON, April 23.—While knocking flues out of locomotive boilers at the Boston and Maine roundhouse at Prison Point, East Cambridge, Joseph Gordon was accidentally struck on the back of the head with a sledge hammer by a fellow workman named Joseph McNeilly, and died of his injuries fifteen minutes later. Gordon was 34 years of age and lived in Charlestown.

Montana Is in a Bad Way.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 25.—A special to The Journal from Helena, Mont., says that the only hope of the creditors of the state is in an extra session of the legislature. The supreme court has decided an action brought against the state auditor to recover money for the state printing adversely to The Journal Publishing company.

Conceded Part of the Demands.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., April 25.—The managers of the Union Pacific have conceded the increase of $10 in wages for the employes of the eastern division of the road, but cannot agree as to the mountain division. All fear of a general strike is now thought to be over.

Has Been Idle Seven Years.

READING, Pa., April 25.—The large furnace of the Reading Railroad company at Temple, this county, was started up after being idle seven years. It is one of the company's best furnaces. The majority of the furnaces of the company are now in operation.

Want a Nine-Hour Day.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 25.—The mill hands and cabinet makers of this city have decided to ask for a nine-hour day. The carpenters have asked for the appointment of a committee by the bosses to consider the question of a nine-hour day.

PROMINENT POLITICIAN GONE.

John J. O'Brien Dies After an Illness of Several Months.

NEW YORK, April 28.—John J. O'Brien, the Republican leader of the Eighth assembly district and the chief of the bureau of elections, died at Baeder's hotel, Coney Island, at 7:30 o'clock Sunday morning after an illness of several months. Up to the hour of his death Mr. O'Brien was conscious and recognized those about him. Gathered around his bedside were his sons, Joseph J. and John L. O'Brien, and his daughters, Mrs. Baeder and Mrs. Lauret to O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien was born in the Tenth ward of this city June 14, 1842. He was at one time a book keeper for A. T. Stewart, leaving this place to act as private secretary for ex-Collector Thomas Murphy. The office of the bureau of elections he held until last February. The funeral will be Wednesday.

JOHN J. O'BRIEN.

A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

Frightful Disaster on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

STAUNTON, Va., April 28.—The express train of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, for Washington, was descending a heavy grade at 3 o'clock Monday morning, a mile west of here, when the brake rod of the engine fell. The air brake was rendered useless and the wild train rushed into Staunton at eighty miles an hour, tearing away the depot roof. The Pullman sleeper left the track and was thrown on its side. Fifteen members of the "Pearl of Pekin" troupe were in it en route to Baltimore, and were announced to play in the evening. Of the company Miss Myrtle Knott, injured, died while being taken from the car; Miss Edith Miller's leg was broken; Mrs. Edward Webb, Edward Stevens, Miss Bertha Fisher, Louis Harrison, and Miss Ione Dunham, all escaped with slight cuts and bruises. W. F. Kilpatrick, lumber merchant, New York, had his leg severely torn, and L. M. Sloman, commercial traveler, Cincinnati, was bruised.

AN INOPPORTUNE TELEGRAM.

It Comes Along Just in Time to Let a Thief Get Away.

DENVER, Col., April 28.—W. H. Baldwin, agent of the Santa Fe at Lovelle, Kan., absconded with $1,000 belonging to the road. Through some means it became known to the officials of the road in Topeka, and they immediately telegraphed their agent here to have him arrested. Just before the message was received Baldwin entered the general offices of the Santa Fe and asked for employment as telegraph operator. While he was in the office the message asking that the absconder be arrested began to come in over the wire Baldwin quickly detected in purport of the message, and clearing the railing about the telegraph desk made his escape. Four detectives are on his track.

House Democrats Disagree.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 28.—The vacancy in the house committee on rules caused by Mr. Randall's death is causing the Democrats some trouble. If they could agree Speaker Reed would appoint whomever they chose, but they can not agree and are widely divided between Mr. Mills of Texas, Mr. Crisp of Georgia, Mr. Holman of Indiana, and Mr. Springer of Illinois. The Democratic members of congress are divided, not only in personal preferences, but in sectional difference, the northern men asserting that if another southern man is associated with Mr. Carlisle it will afford the Republicans an opportunity to wave the bloody shirt. It is probable that either Mr. Holman or Mr. Springer will be selected.

Hit the Doctor with a Brick.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., April 25.—Rev. Rufus Wordman, a Baptist preacher, opposed the application of several persons who asked the county court to grant them liquor licenses. He made a heated attack on the liquor men. Dr. L. Carr, a prominent physician, took offence at something the pastor said, and raised his cane as if to strike Wordman, when the latter picked up a brick and threw it at the doctor knocking him senseless. Thursday evening the doctor armed himself and started out with the avowed intention of killing Wordman, but he was arrested and disarmed.

Oregon Democratic Nominations.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 25.—The Democratic state convention Friday nominated Sylvester Pennoyer for governor. George W. Webb was nominated for treasurer and R. A. Miller for congress. The platform adopted favors tariff for revenue necessary to economical government, demands free coinage of silver and the election of senators by the people, and urges the adoption of the Australian ballot system and an eight-hour law.

Forged a Check.

CONCORD, N. H., April 25.—Before United States Commissioner Foster, Arthur D. Towne, an employe of the Londonderry postoffice was held in $1,000, on the charge of abstracting a letter from the mail, and in $1,000 for alleged forgery of the name of Louisa J. Woodbury on the back of a check for pension money and passing the same. N. Smith was also held in $2,000 for alleged forgery of Towne's name on the same check.

Sherman for the Presidency.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 25.—It is whispered here that Halstead's connection with The Brooklyn Herald-Union is in the interest of Sherman for the presidency. Halstead is a strong Sherman man, and with an organ in Brooklyn and one in Cincinnati Sherman would be in better trim than now. An attempt will be made to have the convention held in either Cincinnati or Brooklyn.

Killed His Baby Brother.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., April 25.—Mrs. Knapp, wife of a prominent citizen, left her two young children, Ralph, aged 5, and Freddie, aged 3, playing in the nursery. Ralph secured an old pistol from another room and shot and killed his baby brother. The mother is nearly crazed with grief.

An Escaped Murderer Recaptured.

MILLSVILLE, Wis., April 25.—Daniel Allen, who was convicted here of the murder of Henry Wright, three years ago, but who escaped from jail, has been recaptured at Seattle, Wash. Allen was intimate with Wright's wife and poisoned the husband to get him out of the way.

A SCARED EDITOR.

A rugged farmer stalked into the sanctum with a big whip under his arm.

"Be you the editor?" he asked. "I am," was the half apprehensive reply.

"Here's two dollars—send me your paper, for life," he said.

"You see," he went on, "our daughter was sick and like to die; she drooped and grew weak and pale, had headaches, no appetite, back ached, hands and feet like ice, couldn't sleep, hacked with cough, and we thought she had consumption. No medicine helped her until she tried that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription mentioned in your paper, when she began to mend in no time and is now well and handsome as a rose—put me down as a life subscriber."

Now the editor is looking for another scare. The medicine has cured thousands afflicted as was the farmer's daughter, restoring the female functions to healthy action, and removing the obstructions and suppressions which caused her trouble. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or price ($1.00) refunded. It's a legitimate *medicine*, not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour, or ferment in the stomach and derange digestion.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic, or strength-giver. It promptly cures nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness. It is carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

For a Book of 160 pages on Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them, (sent sealed in plain envelope) enclose ten cents, in stamps, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS.

They are Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.
As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!

ONE PELLET A DOSE! SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Several boys while playing in a deserted building in Wichita, Kan., Saturday discovered in a mound of hay the remains of a woman. The body had been deposited in the barn from the outside through a hole in the wall.

Samuel Faulkner, of Garden City, Kan., hanged himself Sunday. He had been held to the grand jury on complaint of Mrs. Joseph Baum, who charged him with brutally abusing her child.

The Toronto university, recently destroyed by fire, is to be restored at a cost of $900,000.

The disorders in Florida of late, and particularly the assassination of Deputy Marshal Sanders, have caused the president to instruct the attorney general to order the execution of writs at any cost.

The Farmers' alliance of Buchanan county, Mo., has subscribed $30,000 to start a bank and are raising subscriptions to build a grain elevator at St. Joseph.

Indians at Tongue River agency are looking for the speedy coming of a messiah who shall roll the earth over upon the white people.

Disappointment in love prompted John Quimby, a printer, of Waverly, Iowa, to take laudanum with suicidal intent at Cedar Falls. He may recover.

The Empress of Austria is building a magnificent Pompeiian palace at Corfu, to cost nearly $2,500,000. It is being constructed of Carrara marble.

The Czar of Russia says that he considers duelling in the army not only allowable, but necessary.

The employers of Germany have announced their purpose to discharge all employes who abstain from work May 1. The departments of state have spoken to the same effect.

Governor Fifer has appointed Israel C. Pinkney county judge of Peoria county, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of L. W. James, recently elected to the circuit bench.

Twenty thousand people joined in a reception to Senator Stanford as he passed through Sacramento on his way to Washington Sunday.

The only woman in South American journalism is from Wisconsin. She is the wife of a secretary in the Brazilian war department, and is connected with The Cidude do Rio, edited by the great Brazilian abolitionist, Jose do Patrocinio.

A distinguished educator visiting New York is the Rev. T. C. Edwards, president of the University of Wales.

The board of police of Boston has ordered the removal of all public bars within twenty days.

Giovanni Succhi, the Italian, completed his forty days' fast at London Saturday, having subsisted entirely upon water for that period.

It is announced from the flooded districts that the appropriation by congress will prevent any actual suffering.

The carpenters at Dayton, Ohio, have demanded 25 cents an hour. They have been refused. The scale of wages now runs from 19 to 25 cents. It is feared a strike will shortly be ordered.

John Fitzgerald, an old soldier, died at Paxton, Ills., Saturday. He was over 70 years of age.

Rev. Dr. Parker and Rev. Charles Spurgeon, the two celebrated London preachers, are engaged in a quarrel over Calvinism.

Mr. Gladstone dined Thursday with Lord Salisbury and the cabinet.

Bismarck's pension is not quite $4,500.

An Alleged Deal with Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 28.—At Chicago, commencing Tuesday, the Pittsburg National league club will try its players against the Chicago National league club in eight games. At the end of this time, it is reported, the best of the Pittsburg players will be sold to Chicago, and the remainder of the club will be transferred to Indianapolis, with the Pittsburg franchise.

He Resigned in Disgrace.

NEWARK, N. J., April 28.—Fred Wiemer, cashier of the water commissioners, and son of the chairman of the board, has resigned his position, and it is said that his father has made good a deficiency of $8,500 in his accounts. He was permitted to remain in office after his rascality was discovered, and will now go unwhipt of justice, for the benefit of his family.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, April 28.

Quotations on the board of trade to-day were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 May, opened 90¼c, closed 90c; June, opened 89¼c, closed 89½c; July, opened 87¾c, closed 87c. Corn—No. 2 May, opened and closed 39½c; June, opened 38¾c, closed 38¼c; July, opened 38½c, closed 38¼c. Oats—No. 2 May, opened and closed 26½c; June, opened and closed 26½c; July, opened and closed 25½c. Pork—May, opened $13.05, closed $13.08; June, opened $13.20, closed $13.10; July, opened $13.36, closed $13.30. Lard—May, opened $8.07½, closed $8.30.

Live stock—The stock yards report the following range of prices: Hogs—Market opened slow and weak, with prices 5@10c lower; light grades, $4.00@4.25; rough packing, $4.00@4.10; mixed lots, $4.05@4.25; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.15@4.45.

Live stock: Cattle—Market quiet and steady; beeves, $3.30@4.60; bulk, $4.00@4.20; stockers and feeders, $2.50@3.75; corn-fed Texans, $2.90@3.85; cows and mixed, $1.30@3.60. Sheep—Best steady; $5.50@5.90; poor to medium quiet and weak, $4.00@4.80; lambs, $5.00@6.75.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 20@20½c per lb; fine creameries, 17@18c; dairies, finest, fresh, 14@17c; fresh packing stock, 4@6c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 11c per doz. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 9½@10c per lb; turkeys, 10@13c; young hens, 15@15½c; ducks, 12@14c. Apples—Fair to choice, $3. 0@4.50 per bbl.

Broom Corn—Hurl, 6@7c per lb; whisk brush, 5½@6¼c; green, self-working, 4½@5½c; inside and covers, 4@5c; common brush, 3½@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, April 28.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter 97¾c cash; do May, 96¼c; do June, 94½c; do July, 92½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed 42c cash; do May 39½c; do June, 38⅞c; do July, 40¾c. Oats—Dull but steady; No. 2 mixed, 34c cash; do May, 31c; do June, 29⅞c. Rye—Dull. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Steady; mess, $1.400@14.75 for new. Lard—Quiet; May, $6.45; June, $6.62; July, 6.6⅝.

Live stock: Cattle—Market firm; steers, $4.15@5.15 ₩ 100 lbs; bulls and dry cows, $1.80@3.75. Sheep and Lambs—Market firm; unshorn sheep, $4.00@7.15 ₩ 100 lbs; clipped do, $4.45@4.90; unshorn yearling, $7 00@8.12½; clipped do, $6.00 6.75; spring lambs, $8.00@8.50. Hogs—Market steady; live hogs, $4.40@4.90 ₩ 100 lbs.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, April 28.

Wheat—Firm, quiet; cash, 9.2½c; May, 92½c; July, 86¼c; August, 85¼c. Corn—Steady; cash, 34½c; May, 33¼c; July, 34½c. Oats—Firm; cash and May, 26c bid. Clover seed—Steady; cash and April, $3.50; October new, $3.85.

Where There Is No Peace.

"What piece are they going to sing next, sir?" asked Rollo at the church on Sunday morning.

"You mean, Rollo," replied Mr. Holliday, "what selection. Peace, Rollo, is something quite unknown among church choirs."—Boston Transcript.

To purify a room, set a pitcher of water in the apartment, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the respired gases in the room, the air of which will become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water, the greater the capacity to absorb these gases.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, MAY 3, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Henry E. Dixey.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—London Gaiety Company.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Robert Downing.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Augustin Daly's Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Long Lane."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Nellie McHenry.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"One of the Bravest."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"Master and Man."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

FITZGERALD AND PARNELL.

It is rather strange that the Irish National element of America, once so proudly independent of old country dictation, should now hesitate to do anything in the shape of required home legislation without first obtaining the permission of Mr. Parnell. The latter has, on several occasions, shown himself utterly indifferent to Irish American sentiment, but never to Irish-American aid. He may be right, from his standpoint, whatever it is; but why should President Fitzgerald sneeze only when Parnell takes snuff? Why does not President Fitzgerald go ahead with his part of the business and leave Mr. Parnell severely alone? There is no need for the Irish National League of America to do anything hostile to Mr. Parnell's policy of peace, *etcetera*, but it should not go on its knees to him or any other British subject. It ought to be a free and independent organization, acting only within American law, in this free and independent country. The eccentric airs and mysterious tactics of some people on the other side may go down with slaves, but never with freemen. The Irish in America have done much for Ireland, and they would have done more only for the ridiculous timidity of the Irish leaders at home, some of whom are afraid to be on good terms with their fellow-countrymen in America for fear of offending the English.

If the Irish in Ireland want nothing from us in America but money, what is the use of waiting for Parnell's consent to hold a convention? Parnell will accept any money that may be raised for his agitation policy. Mr. Fitzgerald need have no fear that it will be returned. Ireland, is, in a political sense, a bourne from which no American dollar has returned. She is welcome to all we have sent, but some of her high-nosed "leaders" might, at least, have better manners and more gratitude. It doesn't cost much to make courteous acknowledgment of favors received.

The question is not whether Parnell wants a convention, but whether such a gathering is necessary. If it is, let it be called, and if it is not let the subject drop. THE CITIZEN is sick of this leaning on Mr. Parnell. He doesn't want to be bothered with the responsibility. Mr. Fitzgerald, and not Mr. Parnell, is the head of the American organization. If he has backbone he will take his own course and not waste another cent, or another drop of ink, on any body who presumes, no matter what his position, to treat him with discourtesy. It is bad enough for the Irish in America to be blackguarded by the English, without standing the indignity of being snubbed by the people whose benefactors they have been. President Fitzgerald should either perform the duties of his office independently, and as becomes a free Irish American, who cares not a jot for "aristocratic" supercilliousness, or else resign and let somebody who does not forget that he is an American citizen, and a freeman, take his place. THE CITIZEN writes this with all personal respect for President Fitzgerald, whom it believes to be a true and unselfish lover of Irish liberty.

DEATH OF JOHN J. O'BRIEN.

A remarkable Irish-American citizen died at Exeter's Hotel, Coney Island, N. Y., on Sunday morning in the person of John J. O'Brien, one of the original Republicans of his element in the Empire city. Mr. O'Brien was born in New York in 1842, and came of respectable parentage. His father, Mr. John O'Brien, was a man of education and ability, and was an employe of the city government in an intellectual and responsible capacity, for more than thirty years. His mother's maiden name was Miss Anna Grace, and she was related to many of the "first families" of the eastern metropolis. John J. received a good early training, and early developed Republican predilections, greatly to the annoyance of his father, who was a pronounced Democrat. The bloody draft riots of 1863 made a deep impression on the young man's mind, and, thereafter, he viewed with detestation politicians of the Wood-Brooks order, who then dominated the Democratic party in New York. O'Brien married before he came of age, and the responsibilities of the matrimonial state alone prevented him from shouldering his musket, and going to the field in defense of his principles. His manners were very engaging, and he was of handsome face and graceful figure. The portraits given of him by opposition papers did him gross injustice. The man who became the intimate friend and confidant of that splendid type of an American gentleman, the late President Arthur, was no vulgar brawler or mere ward politician. John J. O'Brien was a power in Republican politics in New York city, and it is unfortunate that he was not always treated gratefully by the editors and leaders of his party. He was accused of treachery and corruption. Neither accusation was sustained, but nothing can overcome prejudice and bigotry, and Mr. O'Brien, almost up to the day of his death, was abused by the very men whom his political genius had made prominent. If Mr O'Brien had not been an honest, and an ardent, Republican, he could have risen higher than any other man of his age in the public service of his city and State. Had he been "in with" Tammany, or with Democracy in any shape, he would have had generous recognition, because the Democrats, whatever their political idiosyncrasies, know how to estimate, appreciate and reward a born leader, even if his name happens to be Kelly or O'Brien. The sooner the Republican party throughout this country looks more to a man's merits and less to the quality of his name, the better it will be for its political future.

Mr. O'Brien felt very bitterly the conduct of some of his colleagues in New York, and his ill health really dated from the harsh and uncalled for action of the dress-parade, dude, alleged Republicans of the Eighth district. O'Brien was very sensitive, especially where his personal honor was concerned, and he never fully recovered his spirits after the venomous assaults made upon his character both as a Republican, and citizen.

The death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, also had great effect upon Mr. O'Brien's health. He was attacked by a complication of diseases and did not long bear up against his maladies, although he was attended by the best physicians the country could furnish. He leaves several children, most of whom are grown up. Mr. O'Brien was allied by family ties to many of the leading people of New York and Brooklyn, and his personal following was, perhaps, larger than that of any other New York Republican since the death of Roscoe Conkling. He was not much of an orator, but he had no superior as an organizer and a strategist. The Republicans of New York will look long in vain for a man to take his place. He carries with him to his early grave the respect of all men who admire native ability, unquestioned pluck and sterling attachment to principle.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

The wordy war in the Saxon house of commons still proceeds without limit. Balfour's Irish Land Purchase bill has set all the orators by the ears. Gladstone is down on it. Parnell opposes it, and John Dillon does not agree with either Balfour, Gladstone or Parnell. Balfour's bill would seem to aim, in a general sense, at the extinguishment of Irish landlordism, making the imperial government the purchaser and landlord of the Irish soil. Parnell, strange to say, does not want landlordism abolished, but modified. He is, naturally, afraid of Balfour's measure, which might have the effect of alienating the affections of the Irish farmers from the cause of Home Rule. Still, in the light of history, Mr. Parnell's position seems rather curious.

The Irish landlords, ever since the fall of Limerick, have been England's garrison in Ireland. They have ruled Ireland for England, and have led regiments into the field to fight against the sacred cause of their country's independence. It is odd that Mr. Parnell should champion this odious element. THE CITIZEN can only explain his action, as it has already said, by crediting him with the fear of too much imperial influence in the future of Irish politics.

If this be his motive, it is, in a measure, justifiable. But what is he going to do about the landlords? They are the immediate tyrants of the people, and they are about as odious to them as the British government itself. Does Mr. Parnell hope to attach the Irish landlords to the cause of Irish nationhood by making them dependent upon Ireland, instead of England, for existence? If so, he leans on a very brittle, nay rotten, reed.

Nothing can make the great majority of the Irish landlord class friendly to Ireland, in the national sense. Unnatural treason was born in them and will remain. They look upon the masses of the Irish people as of an inferior race, and take no trouble to conceal that feeling. The unlovable characteristics sometimes developed by a few of the Irish race under conditions of freedom may be traced directly to the atrocious landlord system. The Sultan of Turkey has not more power over his subjects than has the Irish landlord, even under the "amended" land laws, over his tenants. And in former years, the state of affairs was even more degrading. The landlord made his tenants, except in a few blunderbuss bearing counties, walk right under his feet. They had no right to call their souls their own. Some of them were afraid to wear decent clothes or put a whole pane of glass in their windows, for fear the landlord or agent might raise their rents. Some of them used to get stiff necks, while bowing and scraping to their local tyrants, if the latter condescended to speak to them. Some of them used to have the ear ache from keeping their heads uncovered while the "great" man spoke to them as if they were mere animals.

Davitt is, of course, opposed to the retention of landlordism in Ireland. He is himself the child of evicted tenants, and he knows all about the horrors of the old and diabolical landlord system. It is only natural that he should be opposed to any proposition looking to the retention of the class that ruined his parents, and cast himself, at a tender age, upon the world to fight the battle of life with but a single brave arm. He has made some severe attacks on the position assumed by Mr. Parnell. Several less prominent Irish leaders have also expressed dissatisfaction and thus the matter stands for the present.

THE CITIZEN confesses to feelings of disappointment in the later phases of the Irish struggle. The cause seems not to be marching on, but simply marking time. There is no life in the popular movement, and the tactics of Mr. Parnell, are of the kind that puzzle an impassioned people. A great many of his lieutenants seem to be losing patience with the parliamentary leader, and, judging by the sentiments expressed by many of them in reference to his latest departure, it looks to us as if there was some chance of a schism, which, like all that have preceded it, would only serve to sink Ireland deeper in the quagmire of defeat. Parnell stands now where Butt stood when Parnell, then young, vigorous and even ardent, ousted him from the leadership. What happened to Butt is not an impossibility to Parnell, if once he should run counter to the sentiments of the people he has led so long. The situation is decidedly dangerous for Ireland, and THE CITIZEN prays for her a good deliverance.

THE procession of the Eight Hour demonstration of laboring men in this city, on May 1, was one of the largest in our history.

MR. EDMUND O'CONNELL, the distinguished lawyer of Bloomington, Ill., was nominated for the state legislature by the Republican convention of McLean county last Tuesday. Mr. O'Connell deserves all the honor his fellow citizens may shower upon him.

MR. JOHN D. SPELLMAN, a distinguished Irish-American of Burlington, Vt., has been appointed corporation counsel of that city.

Gaelic News.

A convention of duly elected delegates from each of the organized clubs under the Gaelic Association Rules, will be held at Horan's Hall, corner of Halsted and Harrison streets, on the evening of Monday, May 5, for the purpose of discussing the advisability of electing a central council, and to determine the duties and the jurisdiction of said council, should a majority of the delegates deem it prudent to have such a body elected.

The Emmet Gaelic Athletic and Social Club will hold their third grand reception and ball and first May party on Saturday evening, May 10, at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue near Twelfth street. The great success of the previous receptions given by this club gaurantees to everybody attending a right good time.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE PRESS VERDICT.

Further Criticisms of Mr. Finerty's Book by the Press of Chicago and New York.

Opinions of the "Daily News" and "Inter-Ocean" of this City, and of the New York "Times," "Herald," and "Army and Navy Journal."

A Letter from one of Custer's Men, Etc.

[NOTE—Mr. Finerty has to apologize for the reproduction of so many newspaper articles, etc., complimentary to himself, but it is only right that the readers of THE CITIZEN should have an opportunity of reading the criticism of the American press on an American book, written by an Irish-American author. This motive must be the author's apology for reproducing matter that, under other circumstances, might seem rather egotistical when published in this paper.—ED.

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

[*Chicago News, April 25.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," is the title of a book fresh from the pen of the Hon. John F. Finerty of this city. Mr. Finerty, in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, accompanied Gen. Crock's command in the expedition against the Sioux Indians in 1876 and shared all the hardships and perils of that famous campaign. He was one of the handful of men who went on what has been known ever since as the "Sibley Scout," and who escaped a fate similar to that of Custer and his little army only through the coolness and wisdom of the guide and commanding officer. In 1879, Mr. Finerty went with Gen. Miles on the campaign against Sitting Bull's young warriors up near the Canadian border, and on that occasion he met the celebrated chief, was present at the council, and was invited to deliver an address. He complied, but, doubtless in deference to the interpreter, condensed his remarks into a few brief sentences. Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled by any other writer who has treated the subjects. The miseries and hardships that officers and men endured in that campaign can scarcely be realized by the people who dwell in cities. Mr. Finerty's tribute to the coolness, courage, and hardiness of the American soldiers, whom he ranks above those of any other nation in the world, is the more valuable because it comes from one who saw them in a service the most trying our army has ever experienced.

THE "INTER-OCEAN'S" REVIEW.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean, April 26.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; The Conquest of the Sioux"—By John F. Finerty. The death of Gen. Crook has recalled many campaigns in the West against hostile tribes in Oregon, in Arizona, in Colorado, in Dakota and Wyoming and Montana, and has reminded the people, especially those in the Western States and Territories, of the great debt we as a Nation owe to the memory of this distinguished soldier whom the Indians called "the Gray Fox." Among the recent contributions to the literature relating to the great composite Sioux family, we note in this connection the valuable articles in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, by Capt. John G. Bourke, U. S. A., the brilliant young Third Cavalry officer so long a member of Gen. Crook's staff, who wrote in the magazine mentioned a splendid account of Mackenzie's last fight. While Capt. Bourke's articles are being earnestly discussed at the East, we have a contribution to the literature on Gen. Crook, the Sioux war of 1876-9, and the final overthrow of the hostile tribes, by a Western writer who, because of his natural ability and because of the fact that "magna pars quorum fuit," and personally participated in the campaigns he describes, is abundantly able to do justice to a subject which requires unusual qualifications on the part of the historian attempting the task. Mr. Finerty was a correspondent during the two great final campaigns against the Sioux in 1876 and 1879. In the expedition of 1876, there were three columns of United States troops operating against the disaffected Sioux and their cousins and allies, the Cheyennes. The column which ascended the Yellowstone was under the command of Gen. Terry, that from the South, from Fort Laramie and from Fort Fetterman, was under the personal command of Gen. Crook, while the third column came down from the northwest. The Sioux who had gone on the warpath rendezvoused all along the southern affluents of the Yellowstone, and for a time made the Rosebud and the Little Big Horn rivers the places for their numerous villages. The *Inter Ocean* had its own staff correspondent with the expedition of Gen. Crook, while among the other war correspondents were Robert A. Strahorn, the well known "Alter Ego" of the Western press; Wasson, of the California *Alta*; and Davenport, of the New York *Herald*. The latter, with the *Inter Ocean* correspondent, was in the Black Hills during 1875 with the exploring expedition. This much has been said so as to suggest the scope of "Warpath and Bivouac." The volume is truthful to a degree. There is not one of the war correspondents who accompanied Gen. Crook's expeditionary forces who will not cordially bear testimony to this. The pictures Mr. Finerty gives of his experiences are strongly drawn, and touched with a master hand. The records of the great campaigns of fourteen years ago and eleven years ago are as fresh and refreshing as though they had taken place yesterday and were written as they occurred. The facile writer, the careful observer, the dashing correspondent, the intrepid hunter, the brave, enterprising journalist are all here—not by his own claims but in the summing up of the campaigns and the accounts of war on the border in the very front and midst of which he always was to be found. The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in "Warpath and Bivouac." His tribute to some of the gallant officers and men, as well as his hearty commendation of those who were fellow correspondents, may be set down as something to be expected from a nature as strong and pronounced as Mr. Finerty. The volume contains 460 pages of excellently printed matter, is handsomely bound, and finely illustrated. The portrait of Gen. Crook is one of the best ever taken of that distinguished officer. Fine photographs are given of Rain in the Face, Gall, Sitting Bull, Col. W. B. Royall, Gen. Terry, Col. T. H. Stanton, Gen. Wesley Merritt, and other well known officers. The book is one of the best published in recent years on Western warfare. It will, no doubt, have a large circle of readers. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of the West.

FROM THE NEW YORK PRESS.

A HANDSOME TRIBUTE.

[*New York Times, April 26.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, is just printed by Messrs. Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago. It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes. Mr. Finerty enjoyed exceptional facilities for knowing all about the various movements and the reasons for them, and, while he has drawn on all trustworthy sources of information, his own clear personal knowledge forms the groundwork of the book. It has also clear descriptions of Gen. Miles' battles in 1877 with Chief Joseph and Lame Deer, a sketch of Gen. George A. Forsyth's great battle against overwhelming odds on the Republican river, Gen. Custer's crushing defeat of Black Kettle on the Washita, and other stirring episodes of the long warefare against the savages of the mountains and the plains. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Mulvany's picture, "Custer's Last Rally," and it contains fine portraits of Crook, Custer, Miles, Gibbon, Merritt, and Carr, together with many of the noted savage chieftains. It is a well written, picturesque, trustworthy record of bravery, endurance, fidelity to duty, and of savage valor and resource, a story that, without such a popular setting, was likely to be forgotten among dusty and neglected official records.

THE ARMY ORGAN'S OPINION.

[*Army and Navy Journal (N.Y.) April 26*]

Hon. John F. Finerty, late M. C., war correspondent for the Chicago *Times* and a gentleman well and favorably known to the army, has given us an admirable series of frontier sketches in his volume published at No. 79 Dearborn street, Chicago, and entitled "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," a narrative of stirring personal experiences and adventures in the Big Horn and Yellowstone expeditions of 1876-9. Mr Finerty shared the perils and hardships of these campaigns and learned to esteem our army officers and our little army, as every one needs must do who comes in actual contact with them, and knows them as they are, and not as they are seen through the medium of prejudiced statements.

Mr. Finerty naturally finds them something very different from the scented popinjays of reportorial imagination, and even from the gentlemen on leave and dressed out in "cits" who give the ordinary dweller in the centres of civilization the only ideas he is likely to get of the wearers of Uncle Sam's uniform. He tells us that "a more disfiguring costume than the fatigue dress of the United States Army the imagination of the most diabolical inclined of existing tailors could not conceive. The sentimental fair ones who so much admire our shoulder-strapped and befrogged cavalry officers in a brilliant ball-room ought to see and hear them when out on a rough campaign. They are then innocent of boiled shirts, their beards become a stubble, and only for the inevitable yellow stripe, which the weather turns muddy in color, on their pantaloons, they could hardly be distinguished from the private soldiers of their respective commands. The same is true also of the infantry officers. In contrast, however, with the professional mule packers and whackers, the officers were models of the early Christian type of mankind." * * * This volume is so full of the most graphic sketches of Indian fights and of life on the road during the campaign, that selections can be made from it at random of passages sure to interest. * * * To Mr Finerty the army owes thanks for his appreciative notices of it and its services, as it does to Remington, Zogbaum and Nast, for their services in a similar line. The service need ask nothing of the writers and limners except that its portrait should be correctly drawn and it can safely venture comparison with an equal body of men in any profession and anywhere.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S PAPER.

[*New York Herald, April 26*]

The campaigns described in this book were the last of magnitude against the Sioux, and they got quite an army into the field. Mr. Finerty accompanied Crook's command, which had quite as hard fighting as any portion of the troops except the fated detachment led by Custer, and he describes with much detail the incidents of the long trip. It was a terrible campaign for all concerned; the discomforts, privations and risks were such as no portion of the volunteer army during the civil war ever endured. In Indian warfare the newspaper correspondent is practically a soldier. He, like every one else, is under fire; he carries arms and uses them, so Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march. His book contains many good portraits from photographs and some good pen pictures be sides. There is a valuable service map, and the frontispiece is a photogravure from Mulvany's painting, "Custer's Last Rally."

OTHER OPINION.

FROM ONE OF CUSTER'S MEN.

JANESVILLE, Wis, April 28, 1890.—*Hon. John F. Finerty, Chicago, Ill. Dear Sir:* "Warpath and Bivouac" was received in due time and has furnished me some hours of the most interesting reading I have enjoyed for many a day. As I followed the column through the dangers and vicissitudes of that campaign old memories were renewed and old scenes recalled.

I congratulate you very heartily on the success you have achieved in presenting to the American public a truthful statement of some of the trials the army are called upon to undergo. Yours very truly, THEO W. GOLDIN.

[Mr. Goldin was a member of one of the troops of the 7th Calvary that perished with Custer, but he had the good fortune to have been sent by Custer with an order to Reno, and this circumstance saved his life.—ED]

MAJ. W. H. POWELL, U. S. A.

Maj. W. H. Powell, U. S. A., under date Fort Abraham Lincoln, N. D., April 28, says: "I received your book yesterday and it does you credit. The printing and binding also compare with the pleasant and graphic style of the writer. It is a book that every family in the country will be glad to read, for it is about the only true portrayal of army life an the warpath and in bivouac that has been written, as seen by an unbiased and unprejudiced citizen of this country."

A LAWYER'S OPINION.

CHICAGO, May 1, '90.—*John F. Finerty, My Dear Sir:* It is always delightful to read a book when you know the author. It always seems to me as though I were sitting in his library and hearing the story from his own lips. And although your book breathes in every line your own character, in so much one can, when reading, fancy he hears your voice, yet that is not its only charm. It tells of men and things, of privation and victory, so definitely and distinctly that the reader must indeed travel the warpath with you. It is a true story, a history. The charming description of the veteran hero of the Charge of the Six Hundred, is a literary gem most superbly mounted. I sat far into the night reading your thrilling and interesting pages. If the American people appreciate American literature, I predict a great sale of "Warpath and Bivouac." Very sincerely yours,

LAWRENCE M. ENNIS.

[Mr. Finerty has received letters of commendation from many other officers and citizens, but, as space is limited, those already presented will suffice.]

OUR IMPORTED BRITISH BIGOTS.

[*Chicago Eagle, April 26.*]

Some days ago an organization called the British American Association had a meeting at the Auditorium Hall, in this city, for the ostensible purpose of protecting the free secular public schools of America "against the assaults of Rome."

The persons composing the meeting purported to be of British birth. There was not much doubt about that, as the misuse, or non use, of h's was the feature of the evening. The persons also affected to be citizens of the United States. There is some doubt about that. It is probably true that most of them are yet subjects of the Hempress of Hindia.

But, whether citizens or subjects, their mission was peculiar. What do these impudent, self-advertised foreigners know about free secular schools? They have derived no advantages from them, either in England or America. There is no such thing as a free secular public school in Great Britain. All are run on the voluntary denominational fee plan, from Oxford University to the poor-house primary.

The secular idea is so foreign to the British mind that it sets up a she-pope for worship. That she-pope is the infallible pontiff of the Britisher, and blackguard lords like Marlborough, Manchester, and Buccleugh are the leading lights of the she-pope's college of cardinals.

All the great public schools are bossed by the nominees of roues, aristocratic pimps, and riotous blackguards, who are mostly heard about in the London divorce courts.

How can fellows educated (?) in the denominational sectarian schools, dominated by such licentious influences, know how to protect free secular public schools? What do they know of them?

Their impudence is so amazing that it might excite comment, but their methods are so ludicrous that they are passed off with a laugh.

There may, however, be some of the *Eagle* readers who do not know that in English schools the children of the poorest parents have to pay fees unless they consent to be branded as paupers and to bear the odious stigma of being considered such.

Some of those stigmatized paupers are the fellows who set themselves up as defenders of our free schools.

And against whom? Against the kinsmen of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, Gen. James Shields, Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, Gen. John Sullivan, Gen. Richard Montgomery and "Fighting" Phil Kearney, and against the co religionists of the same, and of Gen. Rosecrans, Gen. Auger, Gen. Ewing, Gen. Gibbon, and the wife and children of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman. Such impudent but fanatical fools ought to be sent to the county jail or the lunatic asylum.

But the saddest spectacle of all at the Auditorium meeting was the Rev. Frank M. Bristol, a Methodist clergyman. Hitherto Bristol, though known to be a pulpiteering demagogue, had some reputation as a man of intelligence and considerable ability. He completely demonstrated his invincible ignorance of contemporary events in his speech, his disloyalty as a citizen by encouraging a foreign faction, and his unfitness for his calling by indulgence in long exploded falsehoods and foul and ranting bigotry.

It is worthy of note that the demonstration of the British factionists and the utterances of Bristol were allowed to pass without comment by any of the leading dailies of this city.

The dailies deemed them beneath notice. Perhaps they were right.

Home-Seekers' Excursions via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry.

On Tuesdays, May 20, September 9 and 23, and October 14, 1890, agents of the St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to principal points in the West, Northwest, South and Southwest at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars call on or address agents of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

MR T D SULLIVAN, M. P.

Some months ago Mr. T. D. Sullivan ceased to have any connection with the *Irish Catholic*, of Dublin, and since then neither he nor any member of his family is at all responsible for the views expressed by the present editor. It may further be mentioned, as a fact interesting to both journalists and politicians, that the honorable member for College Green Division has also parted with his rights in the *Nation*, to which he succeeded upon the death of his eloquent and lamented brother, A. M. Sullivan. The new proprietor of the two papers is Mr. J. J. Lalor.

APPOINTMENTS.

The Archbishop of Dublin has made the following appointments: The Very Rev. Canon Fitzpatrick, rector, Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, and the Very Rev. Canon Plunkett, P.P., Booterstown, to be vicars-general. The Very Rev Robert F Conlan, administrator, Pro Cathedral, Marlborough street, to be parish priest of St. Michan's, North Anne street. The Very Rev. Francis Ryan, C.C., Monkstown, to be parish priest of St. Joseph's Berkeley street. The Very Rev. James Manning, C.C., Blanchardstown, to be parish priest of Glendalough. The Vary Rev. Timothy Gorman, C. C., to be administrator, the Pro Cathedral, Marlborough street.

DEATH OF SIR ANDREW SEARLE HART.

Sir Andrew Searle Hart, vice-provost of Trinity College, died on April 13.

BACHELORS IN REVOLT.

The bachelors of the Provincial bank in Dublin are in revolt. An order has gone forth from the directors forbidding any officer in their service having a salary of less than £150 a year to marry.

NEW INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

On April 15 there was a large meeting of the joint board of Trim Industrial School at Navan. Representatives were present from the unions contributing to the maintenance of the school. Mr. Robert Fowler was selected chairman of the board for the ensuing year; Mr. Francis Sheridan, V. C., and Mr. P. Mc Dermott, D.V.C. The Sisters of Mercy were elected matrons; Mr. P. Kelly, Navan, head master; Mr. O'Connor, Kells, assistant master; and Dr. McManus, Trim, medical officer. It was arranged that the school be opened on June 1, and that all repairs be completed by May 15. Very Rev. Father Behan, P.P., was present during the appointment of officers.

NATIONALIST GUARDIANS.

At the meeting of the Drogheda board of guardians, on April 10, Ald. Mangan and Mr. Patrick Fullam were elected chairman and vice chairman of the Drogheda Union. Mr. James McQuinlan was elected D.V.C. The three gentlemen, who are Nationalists, returned thanks for their unanimous election.

ARRESTED

A youth named Robert Stewart, who is a compounder of medicines in the employ of a medical gentleman, of Dame street, Dublin, was arrested on Sunday, April 6, for having challenged another lad named Dagg to fight a duel.

VISITED THE CAMPING GROUND

On April 9 Sir Thomas Esmonde paid a visit to the camping ground of the evicted tenants on the Brooke estate, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The evicted tenants assembled and accompanied Sir Thomas to some of the principal scenes of the campaign on the estate.

A NEW COLLEGE.

The Augustinian Fathers, New Ross, are building a new college in which boarders and day pupils will be educated.

DEATHS

The death is announced of Mr. William Carson, the well known bookseller and stationer, of Grafton street, Dublin.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Michael Kelly, late of Talbotstown, which occured on April 4 at his residence, Grangeton. The deceased was the father of the Rev. Patrick Kelly, C.C., Nass, and two of his daughters joined the Presentation Order at Portarlington.

ELECTED FOR THE EIGHTH TIME.

Mr John Higgins has been unanimously re-elected chairman of the Delvin Union, for the eighth time. Mr Higgins is father of Thomas F Higgins, the popular coroner for Queen's county.

EMIGRANTS.

A large number of emigrants for America left Maryborough station during the first week in April.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

A council meeting of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was held at No. 6 Molesworth street on April 15, Count Plunkett, B L, M R I A, in the chair. There were also present Surgeon General King, M.R.I.A.; Hamilton Bell, M.R.I.A.; J. H. Lloyd, Esq; Thomas Rooney, Esq; and J. J. McSweeney, secretary. In accordance with notice handed in at the last meeting by Mr. Hamilton Bell, M.R.I.A., the following gentlemen were elected members of the council unanimously—The Rev. Richard Sladen, P.P., Modeligo, county Waterford; the Rev. William Donegan, C.C., Lucan; and Mr. Pierce Nolan, B.A., Killiney House, Killiney. An interesting communication was read from Miss Robert de Loeven Moray, Rue Monge, Paris, in reference to Irish literary subjects in the *Celtic World*. Mr. James Cunningham, of Green street, Waterford, wrote: "My Irish class at Mount Sion is progressing favorably, and the boys themselves evince a great desire to learn as much as they can of the dear old tongue," etc. Letters were also read from Mr. P. J. McMahon, Kilnaboy, Clare, and Capt. O'Connor, Cairo, Egypt.

MUNSTER.

PROSECUTION IN FERMOY.

On April 14 a Coercion act summons was served on Thomas Kent, Banard, Castlelyons, who is charged with having used intimidation towards Robert Browne in consequence of his having occupied a farm at Coole Upper, and acted as paid steward and manager to one Orr McCausland. This is the farm from which Mr. Richard Rice was evicted, and in connection with which arose the prosecutions of the Rev. Father O'Dwyer and nine others last September.

COERCION IN LIMERICK

Miss Cullinane, of Ballydine, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in default of bail on a charge of intimidation, was released from Limerick jail on the 14th ult., her term of imprisonment having expired. Mr. Edmund Garvey, a local Nationalist, was arrested on a statement made by Michael Ryan, of Boherlode, to the police that Garvey had intimidated him. Garvey was, however, released almost immediately after his arrest, but purposes prosecuting the constable and Ryan for illegal arrest. Fifteen young men of Newmarket-on-Fergus have been summoned under the Coercion act on a charge of unlawful assembly.

"SHADOWING."

The police were most actively engaged shadowing a number of respectable men who are well known Nationalists. Messrs. Edmond Cotter, Edmond O'Brien, Charles O'Brien, and others, who attended the fair to transact their business were everywhere followed through the fair by uniformed constables. Owing to the prying interference of the police these men found it rather difficult to do any business.

FEVER IN LISMORE.

The public uneasiness caused by the serious outbreak of fever in the union of Lismore, particularly in the districts of Ballysaggartmore and Ballyduff, is lessening every day, and the public now have confidence in the active steps which the guardians and the medical officers are taking to confine the contagion to these districts. Dr. Dennehy has made a proposal to have a fever hospital erected in a more suitable site than the present one, which is near the public thoroughfare. This promises to meet considerable favor in the district.

SEIZED CATTLE SURRENDERED.

A Thurles correspondent writes that on April 15 Mr. Arnold Power, sub sheriff for the county Tipperary, and five bailiffs made a seizure on the lands of Glengariff, about one mile from here, of fifteen head of cattle, the property of Mr. John Carrigan, Tipperary, for half a year's rent due to Mr. Smith Barry up to November 1, 1889. The rent is due on his large house in Tipperary, which has been cleared of all stock and furniture for the last two months, and the land on which the seizure was made is fee simple, and Mr. Smith Barry has no control over it as landlord. The half year's rent is £35, but Mr. Carrigan is made answerable for the rent due out of Mr. Michael O'Dwyer's (deceased) house in the main street. The £35 claimed has, with costs and the claim on Mrs. O'Dwyer, grown to £55. In preparation for the impending seizure, all the stock upon the lands belonging to the owner had been interchanged, and the cattle were the property of another person. The result was that after the legal preliminaries of declaration had been gone through, the sheriff surrendered the cattle.

VISITED HIS CONSTITUENTS.

On Monday, April 7, Mr. Alfred Webb, M. P. for West Waterford, visited his constituents for the first time since his election, accompanied by Mr. P. J. Power, M. P. for the Eastern Division of the county. Mr. Webb, who belongs to a Dublin Quaker family, received a rousing welcome that emphasized the spirit of tolerance displayed in his uncontested election as the representative of the constituency. The patriotic parish priest, Very Rev. Peter Casey, V.F., who presided at the meeting, said truly that there is one thing the men of West Waterford cannot be accused of at any rate, and that is religious intolerance, when he said "Mr. Pyne was a Protestant, so is Mr. Webb. We care little what part of the country any man comes from, or what his religion may be, so long as he is true to the cause of Ireland."

RENOUNCED THE WORLD.

On Easter Tuesday, April 8, the solemn and interesting ceremony of Profession took place in the beautiful chapel of the Presentation convent, Dingle—one of the most exquisite gems in the south of Ireland. The young ladies who made their solemn vows, and renounced the world, were Miss Lawlor, neice of the Rev. J. Lawlor, Dingle, in religion Sister Mary Brendan Joseph; and Miss Mackey, of Dublin, in religion Sister Mary Ita Joseph. In the absence of the bishop, the Very Rev. Canon O Sullivan performed the ceremony.

ASSISTING THE FISHERMEN.

The O'Gorman Mahon—the veteran M. P. who now represents Carlow—has manifested the deep interest he takes in the poor fishermen of his native county Clare, by forwarding a liberal subscription to a fund which has been originated for their relief.

ASSAULTED THE POLICE.

On April 11, in Kilrush, before a Coercion court, consisting of Removables Harper and Bodder, a blacksmith named Walton, of Kilmihill, was charged with an assault on the police on the occasion when they charged a crowd with their batons. Walton was sent to jail for six weeks, and was conveyed to Limerick jail. The prisoner was undefended.

INDIGNATION MEETING.

On April 8 a very large meeting was held in the town hall, Templemore, for the threefold object of condemning the desecrators of the Carden graves, expressing sympathy with the Carden family, and starting a fund for the offering of a reward for information. The chair was taken by Canon Meagher, P.P., Templemore. There were also present the Very Rev. Canon White, rector; William Ryan, C.T.C.; Rev James Hickey, C.C.; Rev P. O'Keeffe, C.C.; Rev. James Cleary, C.C.; Jerome Cussen, T.C., P.L.G.; Dr. G. Mitchell, R Moffat, J. Delany, T.C.; Tobias Stapleton, John Hynes, M. Tracy, Q.C.; T. Clancy, T.C.; T. Grey, D. Meagher, Q.C.; J. Mahony, T.C.; J. Owens, B.A.; J. Casey, Fogarty Bros., John Connolly, P.L.G.; H. Morgan, R Percy, Jos. Kirwan, F O'Mullane, Edward Maher, Barna; T Kiely, T.C.; John Collier, T.C.; J. Thompson, M R'ordan, Eastwood; J. Bance, T. C.; J. Hennessy, Coolcraigh; J. Carroll, J. Quinn, E. Mullaney, John Collier, T.C., and others. A subscription list was opened, and £50 collected on the spot.

ROBBED A FISH HOUSE

A daring robbery was perpetrated at the fish house which is in connection with the Lismore Salmon Fishery. Some parties, who are at present unknown, entered the fish house by means of a master key and stole between £20 and £30 worth of salmon. The robbery was discovered some ten or twelve hours after it occurred, and the police were at once informed of the matter. Sergeant Doyle at once caused a search to be made at all the houses where salmon are bought, at Lismore and Cappoquin, but notwithstanding the fact that no time had been lost in making this search no trace of the stolen salmon could be obtained, or any clue got which would lead to the arrest of the perpetrators of the robbery.

A STRIKE

The navvies engaged in constructing the Mitchelstown and Fermoy Railway in Ireland have struck.

CONNAUGHT.

COERCION IN SLIGO.

Our Sligo correspondent wires that at a coercion court held on the 15th ult. in Sligo the adjourned hearing of the charge of criminal conspiracy and intimidation towards land-grabbers against J. A. Macauley, sub editor of the Sligo *Champion*, and John McLaughlin, secretary of Sligo Borough Branch of the National League, was proceeded with. Mr. John B Powell, solicitor, appeared for the defendants. Mr. Trench, B.L., prosecuted for the crown. The defendants were sentenced to three months' imprisonment each.

DEATH OF FATHER KEMMY.

With deep regret we announce the death of a priest, patriot and scholar, the Rev. John Kemmy, on April 5, at Gort.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

On Sunday morning, April 6, a destructive fire occurred in Ballina by which the drapery premises of Mr. P. J. Malone were totally destroyed. The loss is covered by insurance. The volunteer fire brigade, under the direction of Mr. Atkinson, their captain, rendered splendid service. Mr. Atkinson got slightly hurt by some of the falling debris.

OBTAINED AN APPOINTMENT.

Dr. James O'Connor, who for the last three or four years had been assistant surgeon in the Mayo County Infirmary, has lately left Castlebar, having obtained an appointment as naval doctor, on board of ships bound for India.

THE SWINEFORD GUARDIANS

have re-elected as chairman, vice and deputy vice chairman Messrs. M. J. Jordan, J.P; A. J. Staunton, and P. A. Mulligan.

THREE HORSE VANS.

Mr. Peter May is about to start a new coaching enterprise in the shape of a three-horse van, which will be run on Sundays, after May 3, from Dromahaire to Sligo, and back. The route will be along the shores of Lough Gill, affording glimpses of some of the loveliest scenery in Ireland. If he succeeds in this, Mr. May has other good things in the way of cheap and pleasant trips in store.

FUNERAL OF MRS HARPER.

On Easter Sunday, the funeral of Mrs. Agnes Harper, solicitor, and daughter of Mr. Martin W. Phillips, J P., postmaster of Sligo, who died in Dublin, on Holy Thursday, took place in Sligo and was largely attended.

ULSTER.

LEAPED FROM A TRAIN.

An accident occurred to a young man named Cox on the railway at Redhills on April 12. He had taken a ticket at Belturbet for Redhills, but was told that the train did not stop at the latter station. He nevertheless entered the train, and leaped from it at Redhills, with the result that he was dangerously injured.

DEATH MR. HUGH ROBINSON.

Mr. Hugh Robinson, M.R.I.A., proprietor of Robinson's Temperance Hotel, in Belfast, died at his residence, Helen's View, on April 14. Mr. Robinson was one of the principal founders of the Natural ist Field Club, and was for many years secretary of the School of Art, and registrar of the Royal Academical Institution. Mr. Robinson was only 45 years of age.

CHARGED WITH PARRICIDE.

At Newtownhamilton monthly sessions, before Messrs. Townsend, R.M., and McFerran, J.P., a young man named Samuel J. McClure, deaf and dumb mute, aged 20, was brought up on remand charged with the wilful murder of his father, James McClure, aged 55, at Greyhill, near Whitecross, county Armagh, on the 29th of March. District Inspector Davies, of Newry, prosecuted. The accused was defended by Mr. Johnson, solicitor, Newry. The evidence was to the effect that on the above day the accused kicked his father in the abdomen, and the latter died two days after. The prisoner was returned for trial to the summer assizes.

DROWNED.

At Dromore, a short distance from the town of Lisburn, an accident of a melancholy nature occurred on April 13. A man named McCarthy, accompanied by his two nieces, went out during the day, and while attempting to give a little dog a plunge bath in a quarry hole he fell in, and before assistance could be rendered he was drowned. A verdict of accidental death was returned at an inquest held on the body.

STRIKE FOR INCREASED WAGES.

On April 5 nearly all the assistants of the bricklayers and plasterers employed in Belfast went on strike. The masters having declined to give an increase in their wages of four shillings per week. On the 1st of April a meeting, in connection with the Belfast Bricklayers and Plasters' Assistants' Trades Union, was held in the Painters' Hall, Great George's street, at which it was intimated that a demand had been made that the wages of the men—16s per week—should be advanced to £1; that the Builders Association had refused to accept these terms, and that, in the event of a continuance of this refusal, work would be suspended. Several builders have since conceded the terms, owing, it is stated, to the nature of the work which they were carrying on. The number of men out is about four hundred, and the strike threatens to paralyze the building trade in Belfast.

COERCION "CRIMINALS" RELEASED

On April 8 three Fermoy coercion "criminals," Messrs John Egan, C. McCarthy, and David Kent, were released from Cork jail, after undergoing five months' imprisonment. They accompanied Father O'Dwyer, who has also just been released, to Fermoy last night, where an enormous procession awaited them.

A CATHOLIC CHAIRMAN.

Mr. James Murray, J P., Nationalist, was on March 29 elected chairman of the Newtownards board of guardians. He is the only Catholic member of the board, and is said to be the only Catholic chairman of a board in Ulster.

Michael Davitt Football Club.

At a meeting held at Wolfe Bros'. place Wednesday, April 23, a football club was organized under the auspices of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The club was named the Michael Davitt Football Club, Mr. Davitt being one of the patrons of the association. A large number of members were enrolled, and the following officers were elected; For president, Mr. Frank Ryan; vice-president, Mr J. Keefe; treasurer, Mr. G Sarver; secretary, Mr. Richard Wolfe; captain, Mr. John Wolfe; committee, Messrs. J. Sisk, M. Lillias, R Wolfe, F. Ryan, S Booty and R Lillias. The club has already played some very interesting games, and promises to be a decided success. All on the South Side who may desire to do so are respectfully invited to present applications for membership. RICHARD WOLFE, Sec'y.

The Lismore Convent Schools, County Waterford, Ireland.

The drawing for the magnificent piece of work (wrought by Rev. Mother M. Carthagh) in aid of the above schools, which was postponed from April 15 to May 1, took place at THE CITIZEN office under the supervision of M. P. Evans, Esq. The winner of the prize is Miss Mamie Ryan, Hancock, Mich., holder of Ticket No. 144

While the list of those concerned is not a very large one yet all who contributed to the success of the drawing did so with such splendid good will that the burdened community at Lismore cannot fail to be cheered and gratified by the showing. Subjoined are the friends' names and the amounts:

Rev. John Beale, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Memphis, Tenn	10 00
W. J. Quan, Chicago	5 00
Miss Mamie Ryan, Hancock, Mich	10 00
Michael Harris, M.P. DeLoughery, Mich.	25 00
Judge Thomas Dooling, Hancock, Mich	10 00
Mrs. Mary Fern, Hancock, Mich	10 00
Michael Cavanaugh, Washington, D.C.	1 00
Miss Alice Cunningham, No. 1770 Washington street, Boston, Mass	5 00
M. F. Evans, Esq	1 00
Capt. Wm. Buckley, Hyde Park, Ill	5 00
J. J. Fitzgibbon, South Chicago	2 00
Mrs. B. Lynch, Republic, Mich	1 00
Ex-Mayor John J. Crotty, Lansing, Mich.	1 00
Miss Mary Keating, Chicago	1 00
John Farrell, Chicago	1 00
Roger Vall, Minneapolis, Minn., for himself, Messrs. Kennedy Bros., Prendergast, and others	15 00
James Crottie, Chicago	7 00

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a meeting of the Irish Nationalists of S. Louis, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered to be sent to the family of deceased and copies forwarded to the local press, the *Irish World* and THE CITIZEN:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to summon from our midst Brother M. D. Condon; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Michael D. Condon, Ireland has lost one of its purest patriots, the Irish Nationalists a true and tried comrade, and his family a devoted son and brother, and while we submit to the decree of Divine Providence, we shall long cherish his memory.

JOSEPH McDONNELL,
JEREMIAH SHEEHAN,
ANDREW MOOLAN,
Committee on resolutions.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Now Ready

JOHN F. FINERTY'S BOOK,

"WARPATH AND BIVOUAC,

OR THE

CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX,"

All who desire to have Early Copies of the Book should send in their orders at once to the Author and Publisher.

The book will comprise two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations. It will be issued in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. The book will contain the most exciting narratives of the Great Indian Wars of 1876 and 1879 ever published, and will be a valuable memento of American valor and endurance, and of Indian ferocity and prowess, in every household. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable. The volume will be brought out in the very best style by the printers and binders, Messrs Donohue, Henneberry & Co., of this city.

In addition to the table of contents already announced, Mr. Finerty's book will include an account of Gen. Miles' battles with Lame Deer and Chief Joseph, in 1877; and also a sketch of Gen. George A. Forsyth's celebrated fight, against overwhelming numbers of Indians, on the forks of the Republican river; Gen. George A. Custer's great victory over the celebrated Indian chief, Black Kettle, at the Washita, etc. The frontispiece will be a fine copy of Prof. Mulvany's celebrated painting, commemorative of the battle of the Little Big Horn, "Custer's Last Rally"; and the portraits will include splendid likenesses of Gens. Crook, Custer, Miles, Merritt, Gibbon, and Carr, and the more prominent battalion and scout commanders of the American army. The pictures of Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, Gall, the far-famed scout, Gruard, and others, are the most striking and characteristic ever presented to the American public. Now is the time to "Rally round the Flag!"

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.
Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Room 905 Chicago Opera House,
Corner Clark and Washington-sts.

Grocers.

HOGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
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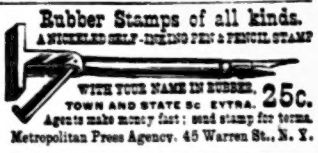

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H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases, Constipation and Biliousness.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MICHAEL MURRY, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of William Michael Murry, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1890, being the 16th day thereof. ANNA MURRY, Executrix.
Dated Chicago, April 9, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney

AN UNCLE VANISHED.

An elderly gentleman, whose chief idiosyncrasies are a rooted aversion to death and a fervent hatred for his heir and successor, is not exactly a novel character either in real life or on the stage. But there is a material difference in his behavior in the two situations, for whereas on the stage is he almost invariably turned to repentance by the beaux yeux of the young lady whom his heir has married, or by the maddening prattle of her tiresome child, and dies in the odor of sanctity distributing indiscriminate blessings, in real life he more often than not carries his spite with him to the grave and leaves his posterity good reason to execrate his memory in the shape of an outrageously malicious will.

Sir Toby Bunskin, of Bunskin Hall, Fallowland, and No. 250 Grosvenor square, London, was not at all like the traditional old gentleman of the stage. His hatred for his heir, Capt. Jack Bunskin, of the Fiftieth Lancers, was not exaggerated, and did not betray him into foolish excesses, but it was sincere—the more so, perhaps, because it was absolutely unreasonable.

And Jack had long ago reconciled himself to a precarious existence on his pay, his wits and the money he could raise by mortgaging his reversion to certain family estates which Sir Toby had not the power of willing away from him.

Now, although Sir Toby hated Jack so heartily, it must not be imagined that he was sufficiently lost to the decencies of society as to ignore his existence, to insult him in public, or even to be pointedly rude to him in private. Jack was always asked down to Bunskin Hall for the cover shooting, he was expected to assist at the annual rent dinner of Sir Toby's tenants, and at certain fixed seasons he was formally invited to Grosvenor square. But there Sir Toby's recognition of his relative began and ended. He would not allow Jack a sixpence, nor would he have lent him £20 to save him from the bankruptcy court, or even from suicide.

The baronet was not very old—he was barely sixty—and for bodily vigor many a man of five-and-forty might have envied him. He rode regularly to hounds, was an experienced and successful deer stalker and could cast a salmon fly with the best fishermen in Scotland; and he was addicted to none of the excesses which sometimes shorten the lives of men who indulge in hard exercise, for he neither ate too much nor drank too freely. In fact, he took excellent care of himself, and was on very good terms with his doctor. His friends said that he delighted in the idea of keeping Jack out of his inheritance as long as he possibly could.

Now, all men have their small weaknesses, and one of the most pronounced of Sir Toby's was a passion for literature and for plays of a sensational and blood curdling description. He reveled in penny dreadfuls and in soul moving melodrama; he delighted in complicated plots of missing heirs, forged wills, mysterious murders and buried treasure. There was reason to suppose that many of his strong boxes, which presumably contained title deeds and ancient leases, were in reality stuffed with rejected manuscripts and stillborn dramas, declined with thanks.

Sir Toby was firmly impressed with the idea that had his station and duties been otherwise he would have made his fortune as a detective, and nothing pleased him so much as endeavoring to discover the identity of an undetected murderer or the motive for a mysterious disappearance. Whenever such an event occurred, which was pretty often, Sir Toby used to indict long epistles to The Times, setting forth his theories.

It was one day in early spring that a great idea occurred to Sir Toby Bunskin. He felt in a peculiarly misanthropic humor, for Jack had been staying with him, and uncle and nephew had contrived to quarrel even more seriously than usual. Moreover, there had been published certain damaging facts in connection with one or two charitable institutions to which Sir Toby had intended to leave the greater part of his fortune, and he began to think that even Jack might not put his money to a much worse use than a pack of overpaid, greedy officials. It was in this humor that he had taken up a newspaper and studied the strange disappearance of Mr. Jabez Brown, an eminent Mudford merchant and millionaire, who had vanished from mortal ken in the most unexpected manner and without the slightest apparent reason.

The amateur detective was strong in Sir Toby, as usual, and he fell to musing over the fate of Mr. Brown, and to evolving all manner of theories which might account for his singular absence. He was rich, eminently respectable, and universally looked up to in the commercial world. An examination of his affairs had proved beyond doubt that no financial embarrassment existed. Then he was a moral man, and there was no suspicion that he had eloped with somebody else's wife, or, indeed, that a lady was in any way connected with the case. He was perfectly sane and in good health, and no conceivable reason could be imagined for suicide.

"He may have been murdered, of course," thought Sir Toby; but this solution seemed commonplace—"there may be a woman in the case. Begad, I believe he is alive, at any rate. He may have disappeared out of pure caprice—found his responsibilities too troublesome; or perhaps he wanted to spite somebody." This last notion seemed to interest Sir Toby—it was really original that a man should disappear for such a motive. He pondered deeply for several minutes, and then he said to himself, quite slowly:

"He may have bolted to spite his heir!"

And then Sir Toby chuckled. "A lovely idea!" he continued. "Old Brown must have an heir—everybody has, or nearly everybody. Brown disappears—delight of heir—long search after Brown—body found in the Thames—much decomposed—but easily identified as that of Brown by servants in pay of heir—heir takes possession of property—has a splendid time for a few weeks, when behold Brown redivivus Brown alive and well—promptly kicks out the heir and declines all responsibility for his debts! What a splendid situation! Wonder how my dear nephew would like it? I'd give five thousand pounds to see him." And Sir Toby burst into harsh, unpleasant laughter, and positively rolled about in his chair with ghoulish merriment. The idea pleased him so much that he sat up a good two hours later than usual, and when at last he went to bed it was with a firm determination to carry out his scheme.

Upon Sir Toby's preparations it is unnecessary to dwell. He contrived to possess himself without suspicion of several thousand pounds in ready money, for he had no intention of being left penniless during an absence that might be prolonged. He had to make up his mind as to what country he should select for the scene of his adventures, and, after much deliberation, he fixed upon America, with a view of enjoying some wild sport in the Rocky mountains and elsewhere.

Now, Sir Toby was a smart, dapper man who dyed his hair black and shaved clean his face, so he argued that if he bought a red wig and beard they would effectually disguise him until his own beard and mustache had had time to grow. When this happened he would exhibit his undyed hair to the public, and with a white head, a grizzly beard and mustache, and a pair of spectacles instead of his eyeglass, he felt sure that he could defy recognition. The mere question of getting away was simple, the main difficulty, of course, being how to furnish Jack with proofs of his death strong enough to enable him to take possession of his inheritance.

But Sir Toby knew that queer things could be done in America, and once there he thought he could easily arrange by bribery that the body of some unknown traveler should be identified as that of Sir Toby Bunskin, Bart. Mindful of this necessity he armed himself with a pocket book containing papers calculated to place the identity of the person carrying them beyond reasonable doubt. He also carefully destroyed every will that he had ever made, for he wished his nephew to inherit as much as possible. "The greater the rise," he chuckled, "the greater the fall. Up like a rocket, Jack, my boy, and down like a stick!"

When all these preparations were made Sir Toby quietly left his home in Fallowland one day and did not return to it. His ostensible destination was the house in Grosvenor square, but he passed the night at a hotel and started the next morning for Liverpool. In his red wig and queerly cut clothes his own valet would not have recognized him. At Liverpool he took a steerage passage for New York, for he was a man who rather liked "roughing it" than otherwise, and, once on the voyage, he began to feel that half his plan was accomplished. But the question as to how he was to prove his own death bothered him considerably. The ship had not, however, been a day at sea before a most remarkable and fortunate circumstance occurred.

Sir Toby was a light sleeper and was not very much at home in his uncomfortable quarters, so the first night after leaving Queenstown he paced the deck for several hours. In the course of his nocturnal ramble he kept meeting a man whom he could not help noticing from the fact that he seemed desperately anxious to avoid his, Sir Toby's, observation. "Some thief or forger bolting," thought Sir Toby, and he kept his eyes on the man from idle curiosity, and gradually fell to dodging about the deck and watched him closely. Presently the man, when he thought himself unobserved, did a very strange thing; he took off his coat and laid it carefully on the deck. Then he glanced hurriedly round, mounted the bulwarks, and leaped into the sea. One of the ship's officers just caught sight of him as he disappeared, an alarm was quickly raised, and the engines were reversed.

No one had time to notice or to think of the coat; but Sir Toby always prided himself on his presence of mind. Instantly he seized it, tore off his own coat, which contained the pocket book and the papers, laid it down on the deck and put on the coat left behind by the suicide. It was a master stroke, a veritable inspiration, and Sir Toby retired to his berth knowing that the odds were at least a hundred to one against a rescue. At his leisure he examined the pockets of the stranger's garment; the only thing of importance it contained was a letter, apparently addressed to the dead man's wife. "As I thought," said Sir Toby to himself, when he read it at leisure; "ordinary case of forgery, cannot live any longer—the usual bosh! I don't think Mrs. Bowston will ever get this letter." And he burned it carefully, and a night or two later took an opportunity of throwing the coat itself overboard.

"Now I am really all right," he reflected.

There was a great hue and cry in London when it was reported that Sir Toby Bunskin had actually disappeared. Half the detectives were employed to look for him, advertisements were inserted by the score, even placards were posted; no exertion, in fact, and no expense were spared to discover his whereabouts. But not the slightest result followed until the news arrived from America that Sir Toby had jumped from an Atlantic steamer and had, of course, been drowned, leaving behind him a coat, in the pocket of which was a pocketbook containing cards and private papers, obviously belonging to the unfortunate baronet.

It was a nine days' wonder; but as nobody cared a straw about Sir Toby when alive, people soon grew tired of speculating as to the cause which had prompted the "rash act." And as soon as certain necessary legal formalities had been complied with, Jack Bunskin found himself Sir John Tobias Bunskin, Baronet, of Bunskin Hall and Grosvenor Square, and the possessor of a substantial rent roll and a goodly sum of ready money. Now, it was not very likely that Jack should feel any profound grief for his uncle. The manner of the old man's death certainly shocked him considerably, but the pleasures and duties of his new position speedily banished the unpleasant subject from his mind.

He had, too, plenty of things to look after. His creditors, of course, came down upon him in a hungry horde, and the amount of post obits which he had to pay off was quite alarming. Moreover, he had no intention of leading the sober and quiet life that had suited his uncle. He bought a yacht, started a small racing stud and began to dabble in city companies, all of which things demand a considerable amount of time and attention, not to mention money. So a couple of years passed.

Jack, in common parlance, went the pace to the best of his ability; got himself elected M. P. for one of the divisions of Fallowland, and finally became engaged to Miss Hilda Grains, only daughter and heiress of the late Sir Joshua Grains, M. P., the well known brewer and millionaire. There was, of course, a very grand wedding, and in due time the happy pair returned to London from a prolonged honeymoon trip on the continent. When Jack had finished examining a pile of letters and other documents, he inquired of the family butler whether he had any special news to communicate, for that individual looked like a man burdened with a guilty secret.

"It's my dooty to tell you, sir," said Mr. Flaggon mysteriously, "as an old gent 'as been calling here every day for the last week, and says as he must see you."

"Is that all?" queried Jack.

"No, sir—he says he's your uncle."

"My uncle! What d—d nonsense! Why, the fellow must be a lunatic or an impostor!"

"Just so, sir; but we can't get rid of him, and I didn't like to give the poor old idiot in charge."

"Quite right; next time he comes I'll see him."

Oddly enough, half an hour afterward the old gentleman returned, and Flaggon promptly ushered him in.

"Well, my man," said the new baronet, "and what can I do for you?"

"Jack," said the stranger, "do you mean to say that you don't know me! I'm your Uncle Toby—I am, indeed, and not a blessed soul recognizes me!"

Jack stared at his seedy visitor in astonishment. His clothes were shabby, and he wore a hang dog look; his face was disfigured in a most remarkable fashion, and the small remnant of hair that he possessed stuck upright in a strange tuft. He did not resemble the late Sir Toby Bunskin in the slightest; but the tone of his voice was horribly familiar.

"This is driveling nonsense!" he said; "but if you are my uncle, how the deuce do you account for the fact that you were drowned in the Atlantic?"

"I wasn't drowned; it was another passenger," and Sir Toby confessed the story of the change of coats.

"But what on earth have you been doing for more than two years?"

"I went hunting bears and things in the Rocky mountains," said Uncle Toby in a sepulchral voice. "We lost our way, wandered about for days, and were eventually captured by the Indians. Couldn't get away or even write."

"Oh, indeed! Is that why you have tattooed your face so elegantly?" asked Jack.

"I didn't tattoo myself—they did it for me," wailed Sir Toby. "My face is nothing to the rest of me. I've got a pine forest, a lake and a range of mountains on my back; three rattlesnakes on each arm, my chest is covered with tomahawks, arrows and pipes; and there are opossums, terrapins and all sorts of d—n beastly animals on my legs!"

"Dear me, uncle, what's become of your left ear?"

"Well, you see, Red Blanket, the chief, you know, took a great fancy to me; but sometimes he used to get drunk and throw things about. He cut nearly the whole of my ear off with a tomahawk one day."

"You must have had a rollicking time."

"Don't laugh, you vagabond!" cried Sir Toby, waxing wrathful. "Look at my head! That was done by Blue Blazes, another chief; he tried to scalp me, and it was all that Red Blanket could do to stop him. He got about half of it off as it was. And now, Jack, when you've done grinning perhaps you'll talk business. I meant to play a joke on you, but it seems to me that I've got the worst of it. However, we'll let bygones be bygones; I'll make you a good allowance, though I hear that you've married a wife with a big fortune. But, of course, you know now you must clear out."

"Clear out of what?"

"Why, out of my property and my money."

"You're welcome to the baronetcy, Uncle Toby," said Jack, thoughtfully; "but I'm afraid that I can't oblige you any further."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?"

"Simply that there's nothing left to clear out of! I've spent it—every blessed bob!"

Sir Toby turned livid under his tattoo marks.

"You infernal young scoundrel!" he shrieked.

"Are you mad?"

"Not a bit of it, uncle! don't get excited. You see, nearly all the ready you left went to pay post obits; and then I took to racing and gambling a bit. Had most shocking luck! Lost every sixpence, sold the house in Grosvenor square, sold Bunskin Hall under the settled estates act, you know; sold everything. If I hadn't married Hilda I should have been absolutely stone broke. She bought back Bunskin Hall, by special leave of the trustee; but all her money is strictly tied up, and I haven't a sixpence of my own in the world!"

"Is this really true?" said Sir Toby, faintly.

"Gospel truth, I assure you. Ask Taper and Deeds, they know all about it. Never mind, uncle, you've had your fun with the Indians, you know, and I've had mine. Won't you have a brandy and soda or something? You look quite green. Tell you what. If you let me keep the title, I'll get Hilda to make you head gardener at Bunskin—£250 a year, good house and precious little to do. Think it over, uncle."—London Truth.

BABIES BURNED ALIVE.

A Most Horrible Story from Milwaukee, Wis.

DR. HATCHARD'S NEFARIOUS WORK.

His Wife Charges Him with Criminal Malpractice and the Burning Alive of Young Babes Brought into the World Through His Abominable Practices—Two Cases Cited in Which the Mothers Died—The Doctor's Cruelty.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 26.—An evening paper here devotes five columns to an alleged exposure of the criminal practices of Dr. Thomas Hatchard. About ten days ago Dr. Hatchard brought suit for divorce against his wife, Mrs. Nancy M. J. Hatchard, in which he alleged that she excessively used liquor and morphine. Mrs. Hatchard, in her answer, charges her husband with many cruel and brutal acts, including criminal malpractice and the burning of young babies alive. She charges that he converted their house into a hospital, where women who wished to avoid the consequences of their crimes were treated, and that she was forced against her will, to care for and nurse them after he had performed the operations. But it remained for Mrs. Hatchard, in an interview, to give more specifically the facts in regard to the alleged abominable and barbarous practices of her husband. She is a fine-looking woman, 29 years old, and at present keeping an apartment house at 228 Grand avenue. Her story, if true, certainly exposes one of the most wicked criminals known to this age and country.

Mrs. Hatchard's Story.

In the interview she says: "Five times did I see him take live, crying, new and prematurely born babes, build a red-hot fire in the stove, and, amid their wails and kicks, throw them inside and burn them up to the last vestige. It was for this very reason that I would not abide in his house any longer. On one occasion a young girl named Maggie Hogan, who had charge of the glassware department of the Plankinton house, came to my husband. Maggie was a pretty girl, aged 20 or 22. She was delivered of an 8-months' live child. My husband built a great fire in the stove and prepared to throw the child in. The act was of such a terrible nature that I remonstrated with him. He picked up a hammer and chased me out into the yard and hit me over the head with it. I lay insensible for three hours, and I bear the scar of the brutal blow to this day."

The Death of Maggie Hogan.

Here Mrs. Hatchard stooped over and showed the reporter an ugly scar just over the right temple.

"Maggie Hogan," continued the speaker, "never recovered from the shock of the operation. She died one morning at our house about 3 o'clock. The girl's remains were shipped, silently and secretly, to New Cassel, Wis., where they were interred. About 5 o'clock of the afternoon previous to her death, Dr. Fox called at the house, saying that he had been directed to come there to attend a sick person. My husband came to the door and refused to admit Dr. Fox, saying that there was nobody in the house who needed a physician. The girl was dying at that time.

"On another occasion a poor young girl named Minnie Langworthy (her parents live in this city) was delivered of a live 8-months' babe at the house. My husband took this child and threw it in the stove. The girl died at home, from the effects of the doctor's operations. How well, oh, how well, do I remember how the distracted mother of this girl came to the house and shrieked in my husband's ears: 'You have murdered my daughter! You have murdered my daughter!' The girl's death was considered very mysterious at the time.

Another Consigned to the Flames.

A Miss Jessie Graham of Janesville also came to the house and a 7 or 8 months' premature child was born to her, through my husband's instrumentality. This child was a beautiful little thing. Again the little one was shoved into the flames. A young girl named Mary Sullivan, who worked at the Plankinton house, was also one of the doctor's patients. Her offspring was likewise consigned to the stove. Still another case was that of a young girl who came here from Chicago, and who has an aunt living at Brown Deer, Wis. Her child was reduced to ashes."

"But did you never offer strenuous objection to these horrible acts?"

"Offer objections! Well, I should say I did. But what good would it do? Whenever he would start to throw a child in the stove I would run out of the room, holding my hands to my eyes."

Swears the Story Is True.

"How many infants do you think he burned while you were living with him?"

"Oh, the cases are too numerous to mention; but, if I should make a guess, I should say twenty. Of course all these babies were not alive. I have mentioned only those cases to you which I saw with my own eyes. The names of the parties I have given you I know to be correct and all the circumstances connected with them. The children of each of these women were alive and healthy when thrown into the stove. The other cases I did not pay much attention to, as the parties all recovered and went away. But their offsprings were always burned."

At the end of the report is appended Mrs. Hatchard's sworn affidavit that the story related by her is true in every particular. The newspaper also says that the board of health records show that at least two of the women referred to did die on the doctor's hands. These are Minnie B. Langworthy, who died Dec. 12, 1887, the cause of death being given as peritonitis, and Margaret Hogan, who died March 23, 1889, of intussusception.

Another Physician in Trouble.

ALTON, Ills., April 26.—Dr. W. H. Grayson, of Venice, Ills., a prominent physician and former postmaster of that place, has been arrested on the charge of having accomplished the ruin of a 14-year-old girl while attending her professionally. The injured girl is the daughter of Thomas Cavander, one of the leading citizens of that place. The affair has caused a great sensation in social circles there. Dr. Grayson was taken by the sheriff to Edwardsville, where his trial will take place in the county court.

Peculiar and Fatal Accident.

COLUMBUS, Ind., April 26.—James Sparks and Robert Monroe, wealthy farmers, were working together near Bethany, in Harrison township. Mr. Sparks was adjusting the wedges in logs they were splitting while the other used the maul. While in the act of placing a wedge the maul flew off the handle and struck Sparks, who was in a stooping position, on the side of the head, rendering him unconscious, and he died in an hour. The two were enemies till a short time ago. Monroe has fled.

Many men of many minds,
Many Soaps of many kinds,
Many persons ought to know,
Many Soaps are made for show.
But none are there, that stand the test
Like SANTA CLAUS,
it is THE BEST.
If you want your
WASHING,
SCRUBBING,
SCOURING and
CLEANING
made easy, use SANTA CLAUS SOAP,
AND DONT YOU FORGET IT !!!
MADE ONLY BY
N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.
THE SWALLOW AND THE RAVEN.
The Swallow and the Raven contended which was the finer bird. The Raven ended by saying: "Your beauty is but for the summer, but mine will stand many winters." Durability is better than show.

LAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps
And nigh to the tower of the king,
Close, close to the cradle where infancy sleeps,
And joy loves to linger and sing,
Lies a garden of light full of heaven's perfume,
Where never a tear drop is shed,
And the rose and the lily are ever in bloom—
'Tis the land of the beautiful dead.

Each moment of life a messenger comes
And beckons man over the way;
Through the heart sobs of woman and rolling of drums
The army of mortals obey.
Few lips that have kissed not a motionless brow,
A face from each fireside has fled,
But we know that our loved ones are watching us now
In the land of the beautiful dead.

Not a charm that we knew ere the bound'ry was crossed,
And we stood in the valley alone;
Not a trait that we prized in our darlings is lost—
They have fairer and lovelier grown.
As the lilies burst forth when the shadows of night
Into bondage at dawn break are led,
So they bask in the glow by the pillar of light,
In the land of the beautiful dead.

O! the dead, our dead, our beautiful dead,
Are close to the heart of eternity wed.
When the last deed is done and the last word is said
We will meet in the land of the beautiful dead.
—John Jerome Rooney.

SEQUEL OF A HANGING.

A Reporter's Experience with Two Brothers, One of Whom Was Hanged.

In the days when Horace Greeley was booming The New York Tribune, Fred. Harriott was a reporter on that paper. In Binghamton, N. Y., a burglary was committed by three men. Two of these entered a store to secure the booty, while the third was left outside as a guard. This guard was vigilant and he saw by the movements of a young man who appeared on the scene that the burglars had been discovered. Prompt action was necessary and the guard was the man for the situation. Before the young man could give the alarm the guard had grappled with and killed him. Hiding his victim in a dark corner he waited until his accomplices finished their work and then, without a word of the deed he had committed, repaired with them to a rendezvous where the spoils were to be divided. While thus engaged the murderer managed to start a quarrel and in the scrimmage that followed he killed his two confederates in crime and took all the booty himself.

The murderer, however, was not cunning enough to elude the officers of justice. He was arrested, tried and sentenced to be hanged. A few days before the hanging Harriott was sent by Mr. Greeley to report the affair. Harriott interviewed the condemned, and found him to be in many respects a wonderful man. He was a crank of the first water, and was thoroughly unbalanced in mind. He was a scholar of wonderful attainments, and as acquaintance progressed Harriott learned he had some manuscript works in original Greek that any college or institution of learning would be delighted to possess.

Upon his arrest the man had given the name of Rulof, and that was all the public knew of him, but Harriott found more than that in the man, and he became so interested in him that he also interested Mr. Greeley, and by their combined efforts a respite was obtained for the prisoner. Harriott worked hard to secure the man's pardon, but he did not succeed, and Rulof was hanged. The newspaper man was the last one with whom he spoke before the cap was pulled over his head.

Harriott quit the newspaper business and married Clara Morris. He became her manager and in that capacity found himself some years ago in San Francisco. While there the actress wished to have some pictures taken, and Mr. Harriott went to the well known photographers of San Francisco, Bradley & Rulofson. After a few moments' talk with one of the firm the thought that he had seen him before arose in his mind, and he directed questions that in turn caused questions to be asked. The photographer's appearance, manner and speech brought to his memory the hanging of Rulof in Binghamton, and when he found he was talking to Mr. Rulofson his wonder grew greater than ever at the similarity of the name. Mr. Rulofson drew from him the whole story of the triple murder and the hanging. He told how he had labored for the condemned man and the interest he had taken in him.

The proprietor listened intently all through and noted down in a book of orders the appointment for Miss Morris for the next day. They parted and Mr. Harriott began a stroll through the gallery, looking at the pictures. He had not been long thus engaged when he became aware of a commotion down on the street below. He looked out of the window and saw a crowd. Presently it parted and some policemen emerged bearing the form of a man. Even at that distance Mr. Harriott recognized it as the man he had but a few minutes before been talking with. It was Rulofson. He had left the gallery and gone to the roof of the building and deliberately thrown himself to the pavement below.

Rulofson was a brother of the murderer hanged in Binghamton. He had not heard from his brother for years, as was learned a little later. The brother had been the black sheep of the family and had caused no end of trouble. He had been all over the world and had traveled under many aliases. His last one was Rulof—he had merely dropped the last syllable. The story Harriott told was the first knowledge Rulofson had had of his brother's fate, and it affected him so that he committed suicide.—Chicago Herald.

More Barnumisms.

P. T. Barnum was introduced to Sir Arthur Sullivan, at the Waterloo station, in London. "Sir Arthur," said Mr. Barnum, "I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting you. You are celebrated. I am notorious!" It is said that a rather pompous minister once met Barnum and said to him: "Mr. Barnum, you and I have met before on the temperance platform, and I hope we shall meet in heaven." "We shall," replied Barnum, confidently, "if you're there."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Japanese Politeness.

The politeness of the Japanese has long been proverbial. Whoever comes in contact with them anywhere speaks of their gentle manners, and in their own country this trait is much more marked than when one meets them as isolated individuals away from home. An American traveler in Japan tells a story bearing upon this point.

This American was from Ohio; he was captain of a gunboat, and though a brave and efficient officer, he was somewhat noted for his sense of his own importance.

He had put in at a Japanese port, and with his officers had been most politely received by the Japanese authorities. As the Americans proceeded with their escort through the town the young captain was very much pleased to see that every one whom they met bowed profoundly; but what was the soft, three syllabled word that they uttered with this graceful salute?

The captain did not understand the Japanese language or Japanese urbanity. He did not know that it was the custom of the people whenever they passed a stranger to salute him with an inclination of the head. Nor did he know that the Japanese "How do you do?" or "How are you?" is contained in one word, "Ohaye," the pronunciation being, as nearly as possible, O-y-yo.

Presently one of these polite Japanese townspeople happened to speak louder than the others, and our captain received, as he thought, a sudden illumination. With a flush of gratification he turned to one of his officers and whispered: "How in the world did they happen to know that I came from Ohio?"—Youth's Companion.

Sudden Changes of Air.

The tenants of an unventilated cabin may contrive to resist the atmospheric poisons of their hovel as long as they pass their days in steady indoor occupations. The female members of the family may enjoy that immunity for weeks, but the first mild day will tempt their male relatives to take a hunting trip to the next mountain range, where their lungs open all their safety valves to drink in the largest possible draughts of the grateful, pure air. In that unprepared condition of their respiratory organs the hunters at night re-enter their air poisoned den, and the next morning are hardly able to speak for hoarseness and headache. If they had passed the night in the mountains or in an open shed, after the fashion of the Canadian lumbermen, they would feel as hale as hill cattle; but the sudden change from Olympus to Hades proved too much for the resisting power of their organism.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Collection That Collects.

The sensitive people who dread the sight of the contribution box on Sunday should be given a little wholesome discipline of the sort in use at St. Peter's African Methodist Episcopal church. It is no uncommon thing to have two collections at a service up there. If the required amount does not show up at the first attempt the call is given for another trial, and this usually fetches it. Instead of passing a box or hat around at the proper time each contributor marches up the aisle and deposits his offering on a table just under the pulpit. The eyes of both preacher and people are on him throughout the operation, and if one hesitates he is as good as lost. By this system many a quarter and dime is gathered in that by the ordinary method would never be caught.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

TROUBLESOME CLOGS IN THE WAY OF THEIR PROGRESS.

Public Prejudice and Professional Opposition—Kept Out of Hospitals and Denied the Advantages of Clinics—Advances Not Satisfactory.

"No, I do not think there has been a very rapid change in public sentiment in favor of women physicians," said Dr. Emily Blackwell, as she talked with me about the difficulties which she and her sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, had to contend with when they established themselves in New York nearly forty years ago.

"The change has not been a rapid one; it has been very slow, very reluctant, and it is yet far from complete.

"Yes, we did have trouble, much of it, in establishing ourselves here. My sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, preceded me by several years. She spent two or three years reading under the direction of physicians and then applied for admission to the medical colleges in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. But her application was denied in every instance on the ground that there was no precedent for such an action and that it would be an improper innovation upon established custom. But at last a medical school at Geneva, in this state, admitted her, and she took her degree there in 1849—the first degree in medicine granted to any woman in the United States. She continued her studies in Paris and London, and after I had received my degree from the school in Cleveland we came here to New York.

SOCIAL OSTRACISM.

"Did we meet with much opposition? Well, we found it impossible to rent an office, so strong was the opposition to the idea of women practicing medicine. We had to buy a house in order to get any place in which to open an office.

"But there was never any unpleasant personal experience. There was social ostracism, of course, and that was very unpleasant, and for a long time none but a few men physicians would hold consultations with us. From the beginning a few eminent men, foremost among whom was Dr. Willard Parker, rose above the prevailing prejudice and consulted with us and advised us just as with any young physician. For the most part, however, the men physicians refused to recognize us, fought against us, and a large number of the medical societies threatened to expel any member who consulted with a woman physician."

"And yet you say, Dr. Blackwell, that all the change which has come about since public sentiment was like that has not been a rapid one? Rather is it not wonderful that it has been so great?"

"No," and Dr. Blackwell's strong, kindly face, framed in its soft, white hair, took a more positive expression; "no, there is so much more that ought to come about that what has been seems almost small in comparison. What women have gained has been not by grace of popular favor, but by virtue of hard work, persistent effort and proved ability. And they have not yet received nearly all that their work ought to have gained for them. The popular prejudice against women physicians is still very strong. You know that yourself."

"Yes," I admitted, "I know numbers of people whose aversion to the idea of a woman doctor is so strong that they would always prefer any young and untried man physician to a successful woman of recognized ability and reputation."

PUBLIC OPINION.

"And as long as that is the case," said Dr. Blackwell, "we can't feel very complacent about the change in public opinion. The admission of women to medical societies has come about so slowly, too. I think the first was when I was admitted to the old Journal association, then the County Medical society, twenty-five years ago or more, when Dr. Isaac Taylor was president. Now women are admitted, I think, into nearly if not quite all the county associations and to most of the medical societies. But it is only very recently that the doors have been opened for them in those of Boston and Philadelphia.

"Public hospitals are not open to women physicians. They cannot hold positions in them, they cannot study as interns, they cannot attend the clinics held in connection with them, they are debarred from all of the many and important benefits that men physicians gain from these large public institutions. In private hospitals, particularly those founded or supported partly or entirely by women, they have all of these advantages, but their exclusion from the others is not only a handicap upon the advanced work which they might accomplish if they had the opportunity, but it is the result and the proof of that large body of hostile public sentiment which still exists against them.

"This opportunity for advanced work in medicine is the thing which I would most like to see women gain. They have done a little, it is true—written a few books and articles which have attracted attention, done a little original work in extending the bounds of medical knowledge. But they could and would do much more if they had the necessary opportunities for such work. What they most need now is to be able to prosecute post-graduate studies in medicine. There are many who have the ability and the desire to do this, and when larger opportunities have been granted them they will be able to help in the work of extending the boundaries of medical science and throwing light upon its dark corners."

"But do you not think all this will come about in time?"

"Yes, certainly, all in good time. We cannot expect the world to change very rapidly, after all. It is going on more rapidly now, since so many avenues have been opened for the higher education of women. These movements are all linked together, of course, and each shares in whatever advance another makes. The change has been as rapid and as general as could be expected, although it has been so slow, and all the rest that we wish for will come in time."—New York Herald.

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St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

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St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brascciani, C R, 435 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 368 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 446 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 3274 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3622 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec., Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 182 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 3—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin. Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2533 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 869 S Halsted-st; F. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Prell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st., P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P., Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 632 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret 446 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madder, 476 W Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P., Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V P., J Colbert, Rec Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigerman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley, Rec. Sec., John Boban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2803 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche. Rec. Sec. James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin Sec., William J. Joyce, Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st and Archer av.

Div. No. 13—Pres., James Noonan, V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Frendergast Fin. Sec. Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Derrie hall, Lemont Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st. Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3622 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Hosely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 3726 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-hesa., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., O A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 2321 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 198 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenas, 5229 Wentworth av; V. P., J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 28—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas. Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 387 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1088 W. Lake st.

Div. 32—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 2109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Deshiel sts.

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John McFarland, 3734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
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William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
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Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.
County Delegate, John Bigane, Brighton Park, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty first st.
County Treasurer, Phil. Dolan

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris, treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 378 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Pitzmaurice, 349 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edw Quinn, 550 W 21st st, fin sec, Thos. Moran;

OBITUARY.

MR JAMES RYAN.

Mr. James Ryan, one of the oldest and most prominent Irish Nationalists of Washington, D.C., died on the 20th instant at his home in that city, at the comparatively early age of 49 years.

Mr. Ryan was born in Cashel, County Tipperary, Ireland, and reached this country, with his parents, when quite a youth. At the early age of 18, Mr. Ryan's career as an active Irish Nationalist commenced, having been elected in 1858 to the position of secretary of the Washington branch of the old Phœnix Society. In the Fenian movement, with which he connected himself when it was first organized, Mr Ryan took a conspicuous and leading part. By nature retiring and modest, his energy and ability carried him to the front in that great movement. He filled every office from secretary to district member, and, in subsequent Irish national organizations, reached correspondingly high places.

Mr. Ryan's record as an expert stenographer was highly creditable. When less than twenty years old, he was an attache of the reportorial corps of the *Globe*, the official record of the Congressional debates, and subsequently private secretary to the Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, the present senator from New Hampshire, when that gentleman was assistant secretary of the treasury, and filled a like position with Gen. Francis A. Walker, and Hon Edward Young, and Hon. Joseph Nimmo, jr., the respected chief of the bureau of statistics, and also to Hon. David A. Wells, the special commissioner of the revenue—all of which positions Mr. Ryan filled with discretion, ability and unsurpassed fidelity.

The funeral was largely attended by the old Irish national element and a large number of other friends, and was a fitting demonstration of respect and esteem for one who left behind him an honorable name, associated in the minds of those who know him with the memory of a high-toned character and unassuming ability.

Mr. Ryan's associates in the treasury department, as will be seen from the following, have taken appropriate notice of his death:

At a meeting of the employes of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury department, April 21, 1890, Chief Brock in the chair, the following resolutions were presented by J. D. O'Connell and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst Mr. James Ryan, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed employes of this office; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our late associate and friend, the public service, and especially the Bureau of Statistics, has been deprived of the services of an exceedingly competent and trustworthy clerk, and the community of an honest and honorable citizen.

Resolved, That the sympathies of the employes of the Bureau of Statistics be extended to the afflicted orphan children of our departed friend, and a copy of these resolutions be presented them.

J. D. O'CONNELL,
J. N. WHITNEY,
WM BURCHARD,
Committee.

Old Time English Women Riders.

As the fox gave up his life at the worrying of the hounds, the one to be "in at the death" and claim the brush was as likely to be her grace the duchess, astride a fleet palfrey, as his grace the duke mounted on a trusty but slow footed war horse. Gorgeous in all the costly finery of the Fourteenth century the high born and gentle dames, with squire and knight at side and sturdy troopers to "safely guard and surely keep" them from all harm, would leave their frowning castle homes and journey over moorland and through the shades of mighty forests, where the outlaw lurked, to the distant courts at London or at Holyrood, or to the nearer pleasures of the tourney in his gracious majesty's walled and loyal city of York. They lived in an age of strife and danger. Like their fathers, brothers, husbands and sweethearts, they possessed courage, strength and resource, which in nowise detracted from their beauty or their womanliness. The saddle of Galahad was equally suitable for Guinevere, and at the first alarm the lady fair could press her knees against the good steed's sides and dig her dainty spur shod heels into his flanks, preparatory to flight or charge, with a facility equal to that of the gallant gentlemen of her escort.

Green Roses in California.

"Green roses are not a rarity in California," said a San Francisco florist. "I remember the first one that I saw in San Francisco. That was thirty-five years ago. But before that date I had seen a green rose in Europe. I think it was in 1849 that one was exhibited in Germany at a grand exposition.

"A green rose is nothing but a hybrid, and like all hybrid roses, it grows hardy, healthy and tall. Some specimens are larger than others, but they are about the same. None of them has any perfume. Its petals resemble green leaves."—San Francisco Call.

Origin of Silk Manufacture.

The origin of silk manufacture is, without doubt, to be found in China, and the classical scholar will readily remember allusions to it by ancient writers. For ages it would seem that the nature and source of silk were utterly unknown to the western nations; indeed, it was not until about the Sixth century that Europe possessed the worm which spins the fiber of silk.—New York Telegram.

A Lucky Number.

Mother (to young son who has been dining with the neighbors)—Had a good dinner, Jimmy?

Jim—Tip top.

Mother—I hope you didn't ask twice for soup.

Jim—No, ma'am, I asked three times.—Enoch.

A Well Merited Rebuke.

"Are you the kid that runs the elevator?"

"No; I'm the young gentleman who engineers the lift."—Van Dorn's.

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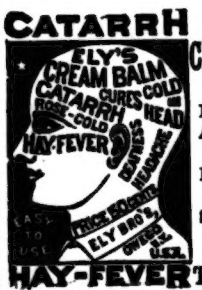

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ESTATE OF ELIZA CONNOR, ALIAS ELIZA O Connor, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Eliza Connor, alias Eliza O Connor, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1890, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 22, 1890.

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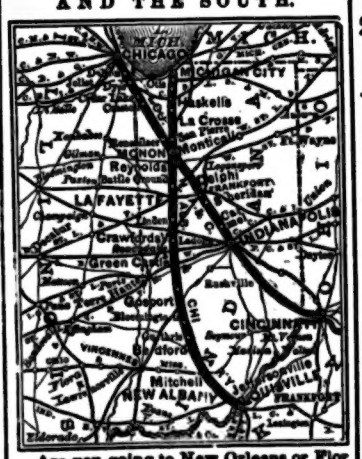

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